

# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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## CAIRO AND ITS PANORAMA.

WITH SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.

*By M. H. Braid.*

THERE is not another city in all the world where one could command just such a view as this from the citadel rock of Cairo! Here at our feet, spread out like a great relief map, lies the city domes and minarets, palaces and gardens, spacious avenues and narrow sunless streets, all mixed up in bewildering but not unpicturesque confusion. That terrace of the Lybian Hills which bounds our outlook on the west, has formed, we know, for some thirty miles of its length, the great necropolis of Memphis, and is still studded over with the greatest funeral monuments the world has ever seen. We count about a dozen of the pyramids from here, and can distinguish the outline of the familiar Sphinx. For some sixty centuries the gaze of her calm inscrutable features has been lifted afar over the desert, yet to this day no man has been able to read the riddle of her existence.

And of all the

wonders of the city of Menes beyond, there is nothing now to be seen but the sacred lake, in a grove of stately palm-trees which are of yesterday by comparison, and the two fallen statues of the great Rameses, by the side of which a man looks the merest pigmy. Beyond the palm-forest lies the Apis Mausoleum, the great tomb in which the remains of the sacred bulls of Memphis were interred; above it stood the Serapenen or Temple, in which they were deified and worshipped while living.



CAIRO—PALM-GROVE ON THE SITE OF MEMPHIS

To the right we distinguish the Gizeh Museum, where are to be seen some of the oldest monuments in the world, notably, the statue of Kephren, the builder of the second pyramid. It is hewn out of the hardest diorite, is singularly spirited and life-like, and represents Egyptian art at its best period. To the same building have been brought recently the mummied remains of that Pharaoh who talked with Moses, and the fellahin whom we see tilling the land to-day with the same primitive

was still in its glory a bridge of boats used to connect the island with the mainland where now we see that lumbering ferry-boat churning through the water with its freight of men and cattle.

Starting from the same point we trace the heavy stone arches of the aqueduct which was constructed four centuries ago to bring Nile's water up here to the citadel.

Not far from it we recognize the minaret of the Mosque of Amru, with its 230 columns, the oldest in Egypt,

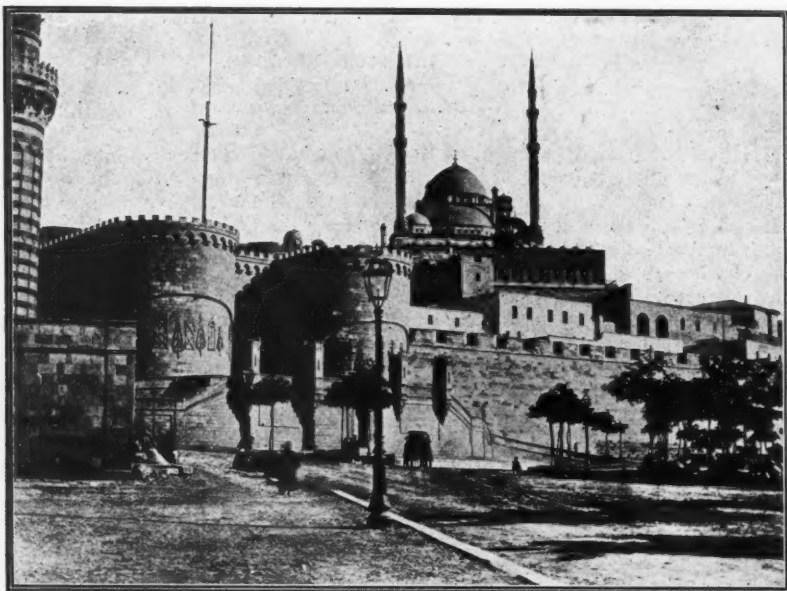


PHOTO BY LEKEJIAN, CAIRO

CAIRO—THE CITADEL WITH MOSQUE OF MEHEMET ALI AND EL AZHAR GATEWAY

implements as are pictured on the monuments might be Pharaoh's grandchildren, so closely do they resemble him in form and feature.

Here and there we get glimpses of the old River gleaming like a broad silver band fringed with palm-trees. And there lies the island of Roda, on which stands the old Nilometer which has done duty for so many ages in marking the rise of the "water sent from God from heaven." While Memphis

though but little of the original structure now remains. It stands on the spot where the foundations of Cairo were first laid by Amru, leader of the Khalif Omar's conquering army in the seventeenth year of the Hejira. Two and a half centuries later, 889 A.D., a newer Cairo was founded by Ibu Tulun on the spur of the Mokatteh hills on which we stand; and in the course of time, as the city spread eastwards, the hill was strongly fortified

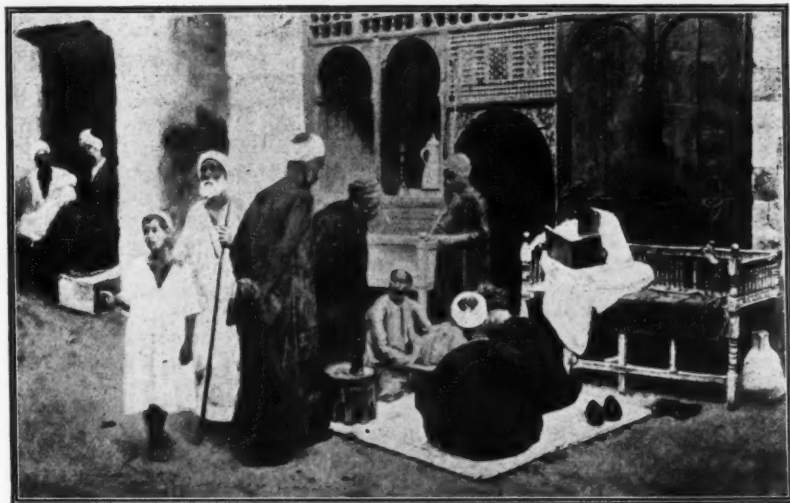


CAIRO—EL AZHAR, THE GREAT SEAT OF MOSLEM LEARNING

and enclosed within massive walls, but the fortress itself was not built till four centuries later.

From the ramparts here we are looking down on the colonnades of the Mosque of Tulun, which formed the nucleus of the ancient city. It is more

than ten centuries old, and yet enough remains of the original building, including its stair-surrounded minaret, to justify the description given by the Arab historian. He says:—"When the people beheld its marvellous beauty and splendour, they forthwith attribut-



CAIRO—CHARACTERISTIC STREET SCENE

ed to it a supernatural origin." Close beside the mosque rose that fair palace which Tulun built for his son, the magnificence of which surpassed even the splendours of Bagdad.

By moving to the right a little we see the lofty walls and six minarets of the Mosque El Azhar, which for more than nine centuries has been the great seat of learning of the Moslem world. Its vast court is surrounded with colonnades, supported by 380 columns. The living rooms of those students who come from all parts of the East to study here are situated above the cloisters, each different nationality having its own "riwak" or hall of residence (though few of the students actually live there now). For those students who may be unable to support themselves, certain endowments provide funds for supplying the necessities of life, while tutorships and assistant professorships are attainable as in European universities. But what a different aspect when one enters this hall of ancient learning! This year there are upwards of twelve thousand students in attendance, and we see them seated in groups on the rush mattings which are spread on the pavement. Some are engaged in private study of the Koran, or its numerous treatises; others are lounging round, or eating their simple meal of bread and herbs; but by far the greater number are grouped around the professor Sheiks, in classes of from twenty to a hundred and fifty. Seated as all of them are on the ground, and as close to the teacher as possible, a large class occupies comparatively little space. Many are taking notes, some are hanging reverently on the lips of the speaker, and all seem in earnest. The numbers include several hundred boys receiving only elementary instruction.

There, right below where we stand, lies the wide square Er-Rumela, where is formed the procession of the Kiswah or Holy Carpet, that beautiful piece of art-needlework which is executed year after year at a cost of many thousand pounds, and sent with the pilgrims to Mecca to form the covering

of the Kaaba. After it has done duty for a year some of the gold and silver used in embroidering it will be melted in the furnace and fashioned into rings and amulets and charms of various kinds, which are purchased by the faithful at Mecca.

This morning we have seen on this square the first of that vast band of religious devotees who are to make the long and tiresome journey to the shrine of their Prophet.

When the pilgrims have finally started from Abbasieh, a march of a few days will bring them to Suez; many will even go that distance by train, and at Suez boats are provided to take them to Djeddah, whence they pass by easy stages to Mecca.

The expenses of the pilgrimage costs the Government some £30,000, including the tribute money to be paid to the Sheiks of Arabia and Sherif of Mecca, to secure a safe passage for the pilgrims over their country.

By seven o'clock this morning the square was already crowded. A little later two native regiments of infantry took up a position on the confines of the square. Within the circle thus formed hundreds of Sheiks and Dervishes were waiting to form the procession, and crowds of spectators, native and foreign, had assembled to witness the departure. About eight o'clock the camels bearing the precious carpet, carefully packed and covered, marched forward. While they were still tramping solemnly round, a salvo of cannon was fired, announcing the arrival of the Khedive. Immediately afterwards His Highness performed the ceremony of starting the procession. It consisted in taking the reins of the leading camel, touching them with his lips, then handing them to the Emir of the pilgrimage commending him to guide and guard carefully the sacred charge committed to him, and in the name of Allah to go forward. The followers of the Prophet then gradually got themselves into the order of procession through the city, and two days later they will make the final start from Abbasieh beyond the city walls.



# Dawson

By Henry J.



# As It Is

Woodside

FROM a mosquito-haunted muskeg in 1896, the city of Dawson has sprung up like magic, and is now a place of probably seven thousand inhabitants. It has broad wooden sidewalks, well-graded streets, an excellent system of drains and ditches, electric lights, telephone system, telegraph service south and north, and many fine buildings, two of them solid brick, and a great number of warehouses.

Lieut. Schwatka, passing down the Yukon river in 1883, notes that there is a fine stretch of hay land at the mouth of the Troandike river (now Klondike), which would make a good grazing place for cattle if the mosquitoes would not eat them up. The cattle graze on the sidehills now, and there are not as many mosquitoes in Dawson in summer as there are in the city of Chicago. The drainage system and civilization were too much for the northern bloodsuckers.

The town-plot proper of Dawson was what is technically called a "nigger-head muskeg," that is a stretch of soft black muck strewn with little bristly round hillocks of turf, over which a man may walk at night as freely as a drunken man walks a tight rope. It was formerly sprinkled with bushes, and along the river front grew a fringe of spruce trees. The town plot is about ten feet above the level of the river at low water. It is about a mile long, by over a quarter of a mile in width. It is bounded on the north

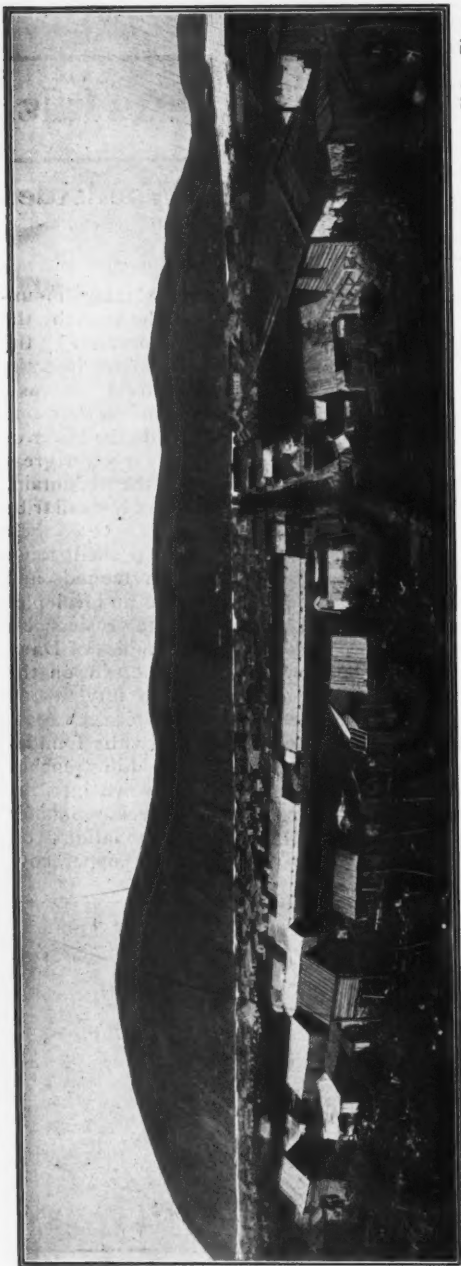
and east by steeply sloping mountain and hillsides, on the west by the Yukon river, and on the south by the Klondike river, which comes into the Yukon at right angles from the east, from the Rocky mountains over one hundred miles away. At the lower or northern end of the city plot, a great landslide came down the mountain, and is said to have buried a small tribe of interesting aborigines. Over their reputed grave it piled up small loose rock and gravel in high mounds and terraces, and thus made an ideal plot for dry-cellared private residences, where the wives and families of Dawson citizens may look down on the Yukon river flowing from fifty to one hundred feet below their piazza.

In the rest of the city the foundations of buildings are laid in trenches six feet deep, chopped down into the eternally frozen black muck. Smaller dwellings have their foundations on the frozen soil, below the upper cov-



DAWSON—A GLIMPSE OF THE WATER-FRONT

West Dawson



Yukon River

3rd Street  
DAWSON—THE NEW CITY OF THE YUKON

N.W. M.P., Yukon River

ering of moss. When this covering of moss is removed the sun in spring and summer thaws a considerable distance into the soil, and thus gardens are formed where wanted, although the flats of the river beds and the warm hillsides are the favourite places. The climate is so dry that gardens have to be watered or irrigated. This can be done artificially.

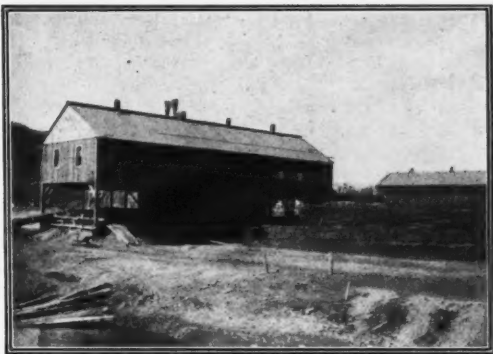
The Klondike river has two mouths, and between them a low island, where a large sawmill is operated. Here are several fine vegetable gardens which produce luxuriantly. Beyond or south of the branches of the Klondike river is a little town plot nestling against a high hill, called by some Klondike City, but by the pioneers here the sinister name of "Lousetown." A suspension foot bridge crosses each branch of the Klondike river near its mouth, and connects Dawson with Klondike City. The latter was ambitious to become the metropolis at one time, but there was not room enough in it for the necessary number of cabins.

A cabin is usually a small unpretentious loghouse, with enough yard in which to cut wood and throw slops; but at one time there was such an epidemic of cabin building that no ordinary townsite could accommodate the number built here. As I stumbled around the country on the Sabbath day, for a couple of summers past, and located fresh cabins in batches everywhere I went, it was my in-

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tention to lump the probable number at ten thousand, more or less, but a more careful revision of statistics keeps the number down to about one-fourth of that figure. Fires have run over the hills, and have cleaned out groups of from ten to forty log cabins at a time, and although they stayed cleaned out, with their contents, yet the number did not seem to be much decreased. The log buildings of the business streets, between fires and discomfort, are making way for frame and iron structures, many of them with pretentious fronts and plate-glass windows. Some of these old three-story log buildings cost from \$40,000 to \$60,000 in 1897-98. They were chiefly saloons, gambling and dance houses, and their owners expected to recoup themselves within a year in the gold swim. The heart of the city was burnt over twice, in one spot thrice, and as often has the plot been rebuilt, each time better than before.

In the gold rush of 1898 Dawson became a canvas city, and the white tents gleamed all over the flats and up the hillside. In autumn everyone who could built a cabin. As it was impossible to obtain a satisfactory title to lots in much of the plot, and lots down on the flats were held at very high figures, the cabin builders had to take to the hillside, and over its top, and up the valley of the Klondike. Ornate, highly decorated cabins, plain, common-place cabins, and dilapidated, unsightly cabins or "shacks" fresco the whole upper landscape. They perch in all sorts of crannies and nooks, hanging by their eyebrows on the steep incline; they nestle at the foot of rocky cliffs, where masses of overhanging rock appear ready to wipe them out of



DAWSON—A SAW-MILL ON THE ISLAND

existence; they sprinkle the narrow flats of the Klondike, and form an almost solid three-deep fringe along its banks for miles, wherever the banks permit of it.

These cabins cost high in work or in cash, for suitable logs were scarce and dear. But their era has passed. Many of them are being pulled down and sold for firewood. The new houses are of wood or galvanized iron. They look roomier, cleaner and lighter than the log cabin, with its chinked crevices, its mossed and earthed roof, a tremendous weight that frequently broke down with the steady strain. There was another order of buildings, unique in their beauty and grace. That was the scow cabin, built of two



DAWSON—A 24TH OF MAY CELEBRATION



DAWSON—A DOUBLE CABIN



DAWSON—A PIONEER HOTEL

DAWSON—THE MOST NORTHERLY NEWSPAPER OFFICE  
IN THE WORLD—BEYOND IS BRICK WAREHOUSE

sections of a scow cut across the centre. One section formed the floor and half of the walls, the other the roof and remaining half of the walls, with a little insertion in the middle to make the roof high enough for a man to walk erect under it. Then there was always, until recently, a fringe of floating palaces or cabins on scows adorning the upper water front. In springtime, after the ice had gone out, the wide bar opposite the police barracks, is covered with scows that have been built at the lower end of Lake La Berge, and have been the first to arrive with loads of fresh meat, vegetables, fruits and luxuries.

It is hard to satisfy some men, but if I had the laying out of Dawson town-plot and its environments, I would have raised the whole flat ten feet higher, removed the mountain to the southwest and placed it northwest, where it would not obscure the sun two hours before it sets, and removed a southern range of hills that prevent the sun from shining on the city for six weeks in December and January. With these trifling changes, Dawson's situation would be much improved. On the west side of the city the banks rise so steeply from the water that a cabin can hardly get foothold anywhere, until opposite the lower, or northern end of the city, where the western hill slopes gently down to a flat. On the slope, West Dawson, a suburb, has sprung up. It is reached by a small steam ferryboat in summer and by an ice trail in winter.

South Dawson is that portion of the city built on the Klondike banks, beginning where the river issues from the shadow of the cliffs, or golden gateway, and running west to where the Klondike joins the Yukon. It is about a quarter of a mile long and is separated from Dawson proper by the Government reserve. It is a rapidly growing district, and has quite a business of its own in all lines.

On the Government reserve is located the N.W.M.P. barracks, prison, police warehouses and drill square, and officers' and men's quarters. Around or near these are clustered the old court-house, the foundations for the new one, the residence of Government telegraph staff and architect, the Gold Commissioner's offices, the residence of Judge Craig, and police hospital. The Royal wood factory, or the "woodpile," in local parlance, is located back of the barracks, and here those who fall alive into the hands of the men of the yellow stripe, for various misdemeanours, do hard labour, sawing Government wood instead of breaking stone. That woodpile is a mighty influence for morality in Dawson, and is a greater restrainer than potassium bromide.

On the northern edge of the Government reserve is located the Good Samaritan Hospital, founded by Dr. Grant; the Episcopal, Presbyterian and Methodist churches, and Salvation Army barracks, also two of the schools, and the kindergarten school. These are as yet all log buildings, but the Presbyterian congregation is having plans drawn for a \$12,000 church. The Yukon Council is preparing to erect a \$25,000 central school and a building for the Yukon museum. New public buildings to the value of over \$150,000 are to be erected this year, including the new court-house, the administration building, the Gold Commissioner's offices, commissioner's residence, and one or two others. The new post-office, completed last fall, cost the very reasonable sum, in this country, of \$43,000, and is furnished in an up-to-date style. In it are housed the

customs officials, with an attached examining warehouse, crown timber and lands offices, registrar's offices and government telegraph offices. It is furnished with brick vaults, and is heated with the latest hot-air appliances.

The Roman Catholic church, a lofty log structure with frame spire; St. Mary's hospital, a three-story building, recently enlarged, St. Mary's school and the Commissioner's residence, are located on the terraces of the north end. The two principal hospitals of Dawson, the Good Samaritan and St. Mary's, are aided by government or council grants, and have done a great and good work in the Klondike district.

The schools have been established from six months to a year, and are rapidly filling up with children. There are already five teachers employed. The buildings and equipment as yet are crude. The system of schools in vogue in the Northwest is followed here. The churches, although small, have been conducted by pastors of acknowledged ability, who are striving to keep pace with the growth of the country and to improve the moral tone of the community. This, although orderly and law-abiding, tolerates some things not seen elsewhere in Canada—open gambling and dance houses. These evils were very prominent and numerous, and are an importation from the Western States, but in future, thanks to the efficiency of the police, these will be reduced to a minimum, and another cause for stumbling on the part of our miners and citizens will cease to exist. The scarlet women, who have held the whole of a long block on Fourth avenue, have been warned to vacate, and are removing to places outside the city limits.

The city, from an original front street along the river, has successively overflowed and occupied Second and Third avenues, as well as their intersecting streets, Harper, First, Second and Third streets. Fourth avenue is not wanted for business purposes, and Fifth avenue is wanted for schools and residences. The avenues run parallel



to the river, and the streets from it toward the hill. Sixth avenue runs along the base of the hill.

The administration of justice in Dawson is the admiration of foreigners. Canadians are naturally proud of it, but take it as a matter of course. Two judges, Mr. Justice Dugas and Mr. Justice Craig, hold territorial court, and are constantly unravelling the tangled skein of mining rights, with an occasional criminal case thrown in to add spice. The chief murder cases of Dawson have been those of dance-house women by their paramours, who have in nearly all cases been good enough to commit suicide as well. There have been half-a-dozen of these double tragedies. Two Indians and one white man were hanged in 1899, and a couple of white men in 1900, for murders up the Yukon river. One murderer has had his death sentence commuted to life imprisonment, and it is expected that another one will be dealt with so before the sentence is carried into effect. There were extenuating circumstances in both cases. Another man is in jail awaiting his trial for the most atrocious murder of Relfe, Clayson, and a telegraph lineman on Christmas, 1899. These three bodies were pushed under the ice, but contrary to its custom, the icy Yukon cast up their bodies in the spring, with the damning bullet wounds in their heads and bodies. For such a cosmopolitan country, crime is remarkably scarce.

There is a body of about two hundred and seventy-five N.W.M.P. in Yukon, of which one hundred and twenty-five are in the upper, or White Horse division, and one hundred and fifty in the middle Yukon or Dawson division. The whole force in Yukon is commanded by Major Z. Wood, with headquarters at Dawson. A large portion of the force is scattered along the Yukon river in detachments, and along the gold creeks. There are usually about sixty men available for service in Dawson between the downtown station and headquarters. The admirable system and conduct of this

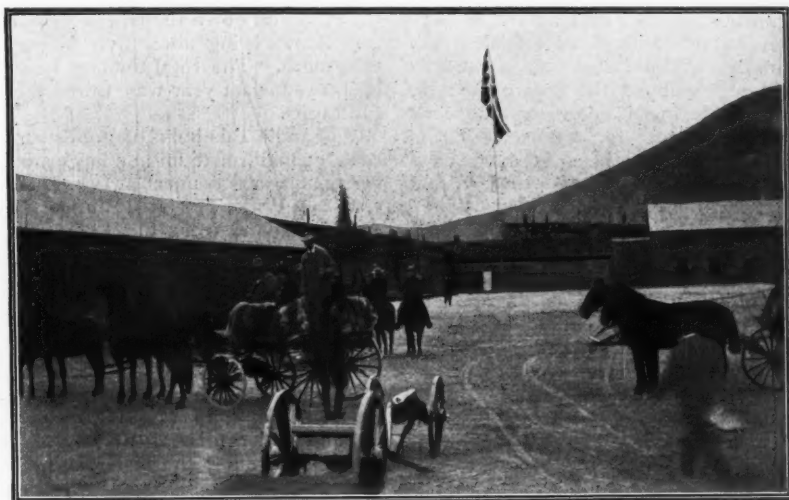
force is a matter of the greatest pride to Canadians, and it is due to them that the law is so rigorously enforced against crime, so that life and property are as safe in this city as in any other in Canada. It is a wonderful contrast to the condition of mining towns in the United States.

The Territory of Yukon is governed by a body called the Yukon Council, with limited right to legislate. The commissioner of Yukon is chairman of the council. The Government at Ottawa appoints five members, and two are elected by the British subjects. The elected members are Messrs. Wilson and Prudhomme. The council in time will become entirely elective, and will gradually merge into a provincial legislature. Dawson not being incorporated the council legislates for it, and the arrangement is very satisfactory to the citizens. Thanks to the energy and persistence of Commissioner Ogilvie and the council, Dawson is in such a position that a small but noisy band of "incorporators" are unable to influence public opinion in favour of incorporation, with its added expense, and vexatious problems. The *News*, the American newspaper here, is working hard to promote the matter, without success. The streets are well drained and graded, and are furnished with electric lights. The city is provided with an excellent fire brigade of paid members, three large steam fire engines, hook-and-ladder apparatus, double chemical, etc., and, thanks to the efficiency of Chief Stewart's men, the city has escaped this year the customary conflagration of former winters. During winter time two of the fire engines are kept housed on the river ice with steam up all the time, ready to pump as soon as the hose is laid.

The Dawson Electric Light and Power Co. is growing to be a large concern under good management. It furnishes 3,000 sixteen-candle lamps and 300 thirty-two-candle lamps for private consumers, and 78 thirty-two-candle lamps for street lighting. The company is providing electric power for machinery in the city and on the

creeks. The telephone company is another well-managed concern, having one hundred and forty telephones in the city, and twenty-six scattered along the creeks, also orders in for many more when they arrive over the ice. Capt. Oleson, an Orkney man, manages both of these prosperous companies. The city is supplied with the purest cold water, pumped from a well near the confluence of the two rivers. The well was sunk to a depth of twenty feet at a venture, and struck a strata of sand and gravel free from frost. The water is pumped to the surface,

other good hotels. The city swarms with restaurants, as only a small half of the inhabitants keep house, except as a sleeping place. The price of standard meals remains at one dollar. There are some places where cheap meals may be had for seventy-five and fifty cents. Meat of all domestic kinds and poultry remain high, ranging from forty cents to a dollar per pound. It would be still higher if it were not for the immense quantities of caribou and moose brought down the Klondike from the foothills of the Rockies. This is sold at from twenty-five to thirty-



DAWSON—VISIT OF THEIR EXCELLENCIES LORD AND LADY MINTO IN 1900—  
N.W.M.P. SQUARE—PHOTOGRAPH BY STURTS

and is then forced through a system of iron pipes laid along the principal streets. It is kept flowing steadily, and this, with a little artificial heat, has kept the pipes free from ice all during the severe winter, although the pipes are only laid a few inches below the surface of the ground, in wooden boxes. The hydrants are covered with small houses furnished with stoves.

Dawson has a first-class hotel, The McDonald, with a capacity for seventy first-class guests, and there are several

five cents per pound. Eggs are \$1.00 per doz. Flour averages five dollars per fifty pound sack. Prices are very variable, and the least sign of scarcity sends the price of an article up, as for instance, flour went up this spring to seven dollars per sack, owing to a supposed shortage. Fresh vegetables are always dear, but an increasing quantity of them are being grown each year. The great bulk is imported, and is kept in warm storage during the winter.

Furnished rooms rent from fifty to

thirty-five dollars per month. There is a lack of privacy in all the hotels and apartment hotels, owing to the thin partitions. The price of lumber, ranging about one hundred dollars per thousand feet, is responsible for this. Many rent cabins to sleep in, and get their meals at the restaurants. Spruce logs for firewood sell at fifteen dollars per cord in eight-foot lengths, and it costs about four dollars to have it cut up into stove lengths. Local coal is coming into use rapidly, and retails for thirty dollars per ton.

The banking interests are in the hands of two strong Canadian concerns, branches of the Canadian Bank of Commerce and the Bank of British North America. The latter has a modern building equipped with fireproof vaults, etc.; the former is engaged in the work of erecting one for its use. These banks have sometimes as much as a couple of million dollars' worth of gold dust each lying in their vaults. They are guarded at night by detachments of N.W.M.P. inside the building. In a country where such an enormous amount of machinery is used, valued at between two and three million dollars, machine shops will naturally flourish, and there are four of them equipped with large modern machinery, and a foundry. A dozen steamers lie up at Dawson, and furnish much repairing. The innumerable steam-thawing plants on the creeks furnish more.

Three or four big sawmills supply the demand for lumber, plain and dressed, and to see the succession of long rafts of sawlogs that arrive at Dawson during the season gives one the assurance that there is much good timber on the Upper Yukon and its tributaries. All the timber in the country should, as far as possible, be reserved for lumber alone.

The city is well supplied with newspapers. There are the two afternoon papers, the *Klondike Nugget* and the *News*, the *Morning Journal* and the *Weekly Yukon Sun*, also a couple of mining journals, the *Yukon Mining Journal* and the *Record*. The former is an excellent illustrated monthly

journal devoted to Yukon interests alone. The *Sun* and *Journal* are Canadian, the *Nugget* Canadian-American, and the *News* purely American, devoted to the interests of Alaska, where it should have been located.

The aggregate amount of goods landed at the extensive system of well-built wharves fronting the city, or from scows at the bar, runs up close to ten million dollars (\$10,000,000) per year, of which half comes from Canadian cities, the remainder from across the line. Some twelve thousand tons come by way of Behring Sea and up the Yukon. The same quantity comes over the Pass and down the river by steamer. Scows bring about five thousand tons more. The total tonnage landed in Dawson last year was thirty thousand tons.

To handle this bulk of goods some twenty small, medium and large stern-wheel steamers connect at Whitehorse with the White Pass and Yukon Ry., running inland from the Lynn Canal 110 miles, and run to Dawson, 450 miles by the Upper Yukon and Lake La Berge. Passengers and tourists get first-class accommodation. The travel for various reasons is large during the summer; the first and last boats are always crowded. On the Lower Yukon run, another twenty steamers of the largest class, some of them rivalling the big Mississippi ones, ply between St. Michael, at the mouth of the river, and Dawson. They have to bring their load over twelve hundred miles against a stiff current, in a shallow and shifting channel or channels.

The number and extent of the warehouses in Dawson is a marvel to a newcomer. They number about fifty, all built of corrugated iron, and will store about fifty thousand tons of goods, or say the freight of five thousand ordinary freight cars. One company, the Alaska Exploration Co., have seven, with a capacity of ten thousand tons. There is a row of warehouses on the wharves, another row on the opposite side of First avenue, and blocks of them or single ones elsewhere

through the city. Every care is taken to protect them from fire, and so far they have escaped the destructive conflagrations of earlier years. The destruction of one or more of them might mean a serious shortage of provisions for the rest of the winter. There are several warm storage buildings, one of them solid brick. In these are kept the perishables and vegetables.

The trade of the city and Klondike is largely in the hands of eight big trading companies. They are, McLennan, McFeely & Co., hardware, of Vancouver, who, I am informed, did the largest business of any firm in Yukon last season; the Alaska Exploration Co., London and San Francisco, whose palatial Dawson branch netted a profit of \$187,000 last season; the Trading and Exploration Co. of London; the North American Trading and Transportation Co. of Chicago; the Alaska Commercial Co. of San Francisco; the Seattle-Yukon Trading Co. of Seattle; the Ladue Co., and the Ames Mercantile Co., of American cities. These companies in the autumn carry enormous stocks to last about nine months, or until the opening of navigation at the end of May. Many smaller Canadian firms are working up a good trade in the respective lines of drygoods and groceries, and, as elsewhere, the trade of the country will pass gradually into Canadian hands and into Canadian channels, if a sustained effort is made with that end in view by outside manufacturers and merchants. Of all the big companies here, the Alaska Exploration Co. deserves most credit, not only for its very handsome stores, but for developing coal and quartz mines. With that end in view the Company is having a diamond drill shipped to Dawson, to further test the quartz ledges in which it is interested, also the great conglomerate gold-bearing reefs. The N.A.T. and T. Co. have developed a coal mine a short distance below Dawson and have placed hundreds of tons of coal on the market this winter.

The placer gold fields within an area of fifty miles south-east of the city

produced on an average twenty million dollars' worth of gold per year for several years past, and the output is likely to be increased this year. There appears to be enough alluvial earth in sight to last for ten years yet, and the field is broadening. We appear also to be on the eve of great quartz development.

A very fair system of roads up the different gold-bearing creeks has already been constructed, and the programme for this year is more extensive than ever, involving the expenditure of about two hundred thousand dollars in much-needed highways to open up the remoter creeks. A fine new steel bridge is now being built across the Klondike two miles above its mouth. Horses are the principal draft animals, but dogs are much used on the narrow trails. Stages run from Dawson to points along all the creeks, and the automobile has made its appearance in competition for the passenger traffic. Two well-equipped automobiles, carrying half-a-dozen passengers each, are in commission on the creek roads. Bicycles are used very extensively in and around Dawson, especially in winter time when the creek roads and trails are smooth and hard, and good time can be made over them. Regular horse stages run between Dawson and Whitehorse. They follow the ice of the Yukon much of the way, but leave it in a couple of places to make cut-offs that shorten the line greatly. Mails come and go by the same route weekly. The service has been very good this winter. Canadian newspapers are brought in by mail; the contract is for seven hundred pounds of letters and papers per week each way. The telegraph line gives connection with the head of Lynn Canal, on the North Pacific, and despatches are carried by steamer to and from B.C. cities. On August 1st, the through telegraph line from Atlin to Ashcroft on the C.P.R. will be completed, and Dawson, which is now in connection with Atlin, B.C., will have a through service direct to all Canadian cities. The Dominion Govern-

ment deserves great credit for the way in which the country has been opened up by telegraph lines.

Building material is naturally costly, both lumber and brick. Lumber of the rough class is usually not lower than seventy-five dollars per thousand feet. Brick are ten cents apiece, or one hundred dollars per thousand. A very good quality of brick is manufactured close to the city, and a complete new brick-making plant is now on the way in. Good lime is burnt within a few miles, so that with lime, brick and plenty of building stone, the material

is concerned, even in the southern part of Ontario. Fortunately it is a city of almost perpetual calm, and of little rain.

Its permanency does not seem to be doubted by those shrewd financial men who so freely invest their money in various kinds of permanent enterprises on the strength of an assured future. Prices have come down in nearly all lines of clothing and furnishings, as well as in some lines of eatables, but there is still room for a big decline in that respect.

The open gambling and dance houses



DAWSON—FIRST MAIL TO ARRIVE FROM ST. MICHAELS, JULY 6TH, 1900—  
IT CONSISTED OF OVER ONE HUNDRED SACKS

is at hand for permanent dwellings and stores. The stone foundation is now being laid for another solid brick block.

Dawson is gradually turning from an aggregation of log cabins and tents, a flaring canvas-sign mining camp, to a city of wide streets, pleasing blocks, and up-to-date conveniences of every kind. With the advent of warm, properly heated buildings, much of the terrors of the climate will disappear. As it is now, more than half the people here are living in stores and dwellings not fit to be inhabited, so far as comfort

which surprise eastern visitors will, in a short time, be a thing of the past. Their going is hailed with satisfaction by the best business class, as they are parasites on the miners. There will be two things still left to surprise visitors in summer. One is the perpetual daylight for a couple of months, when travel and work goes on steadily the twenty-four hours. The midnight sun is not visible at any time from the highest mountains near Dawson. The other is the number of dogs around the city. These spend a great deal of their

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time in adjusting differences that have laid over from the busy winter time.

When the time does come to incorporate the city there are two provisions that should be inserted in the charter. One is that the N.W.M.P. should be in charge of the law and order of the city, and the other is that only British subjects should be allowed a vote in the elections. The usual specious pleading is being made by those desiring incorporation, that our American cousins should be allowed to vote for councillors. Inasmuch as British subjects are not allowed either to vote in any elections, or to stake mining property in the neighbouring territory of Alaska, the plea does not come well. Moreover, British subjects who are to remain permanently in Canada are better qualified to say who are the best people to govern the city. The Americans can push a city best, but Canadians can govern it better than they, and we do not want any wide-open place here like those in Alaska, or even such a place as Seattle, where many of our miners are robbed of their gold dust in a manner that would not be tolerated in Dawson.

The amusements of the city are furnished by theatres, with more or less good drama or horseplay. A good public library is partly sustained by grants from the council. A well managed, privately owned reading-room has fifteen hundred members. The curling rink is well patronized by crack curlers from Ontario and the Northwest. There is a large skating rink and a couple of hockey rinks. Half-a-dozen hockey clubs maintain a contest for the championship of Yukon. St. Andrew's night and some other special nights are celebrated by balls of great magnificence, as there are

hundreds of wives, mothers and sisters here now from Canadian and American cities. The 24th of May is celebrated royally, with games and parades. The 4th of July, a compromise between the 1st or Dominion Day and the American holiday, is also celebrated in true Western style, with a parade of gorgeous floats symbolizing historical events and conditions.

One word about advising Canadians to come to Dawson. I do not see any reason why a young man who is of an adventurous disposition should not come here rather than go across the line to U.S. mining camps. If he has patience, energy, and is resourceful, he should do well here. It is better for the new comer to secure work before going out to mine on his own account. Mining, while a perfectly legitimate industry, has many blanks for the prizes. The average wages on the creeks is from four to five dollars per day and board. Good mechanics are usually paid somewhat higher, or get one dollar per hour straight, and board themselves. The Yukon Council has passed a by-law to pay its employees at the rate of at least five dollars per day and board. Our friends from the United States pour in fast enough, and usually do well both at mining and in commercial ventures. A man coming here to succeed should especially eschew wine, women and gambling; they are the vices of a mining camp or city. I hope to see the trade not only of Dawson but of all Yukon in the hands of Canadians before many years pass, and Canada will then be getting more value from its most northerly inhabited territory. I am satisfied as to the future. Letters should be addressed to Dawson, Yukon, Canada, not to "Dawson, Alaska."



# THE BUGLER BOY

A Tale of '38

By E. Dowsley

OLD Blixter leaned across the table and glared into the dejected face of his incorrigible boy. An instant—and down came his fist with a crash that set the dishes rattling and brought the boy's eyes with a jerk to his father's face.

"Git out the house, boy!" he shouted; "git out, I tell ye!" There was a pushing of chairs and a shuffling of feet as the boy, white with fear, sprang from his seat, and the old man made a grasp as if he would seize him by the throat. Startled by the determined attack, the boy, although he nearly lost his balance, scrambled for the door to get out of his father's reach.

"Gracious, dad!" cried the mother in sudden alarm, "yer won't be turnin' yer own laddie out into the roads, will yer?"

"Let be, woman; let be!" he shouted. "Git out, I tell ye, and don't y' ever put yer nose inside

— "Bang went the door with a crash that shook the old house from foundation to roof, effectually shutting out from the ears of young Silas Blixter the parting words of his father, as he darted forward and almost tumbled out headlong on the pathway.

Old Blixter had lost his temper. It was not altogether a sudden outbreak, but rather the culminating of a somewhat longer than usual scold and worrisome argument.

On the morning of the day in question, the old man had set young Silas a task. It was usual for him to provide something of the sort, but the dutiful performance of it to the father's satisfaction was often another question. This time, as ill-luck would have it, the task assigned was wood-sawing; and if there was one occupation at which the boy could not make a success, it was wood-sawing. On this occasion Silas did put forth his efforts to make a good start, but in spite of setting and sharpening and tallow greasing, the ungrateful saw only checked and bent, rasped and groaned in stoical indifference of his efforts; the sticks

persisted in hugging the blade, jumping up at one end and getting themselves into all impossible positions. Then came the sounds of shout and laughter floating across the meadows, and the lad's eyes wandered to the fields beyond; he moved a little closer, and then a little closer to the merry ring, until in the end the wood was forgotten, and his shout mingled with the others. Always a leader, he had the boys drawn up at his favourite pastime, fitted out with old felt, straw, or tinpan helmets, barrel-hoop belts, cross-stick swords, and arms of various description. He marched them and counter-marched them, harangued them to fight everything in sight, charged bayonets at the empty fences, took forts and strongholds, and cheered and shouted until the day was worn away amid the noise of din and battle.

And so it all ended. And now, outside in the sudden quietness which followed upon his violent ejection, young Silas stood for a moment in an endeavour to collect his ruffled thoughts and to comprehend it all. There was an attempt at a little whispered laugh at

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first, as he bent over with his hands between his knees, in an endeavour to persuade himself that it was very funny, but the tears were close behind—he was only a boy, and was very much frightened.

Offtime Old Blixter had stormed and threatened, but somehow or other young Silas had up to this time managed to escape any serious consequences. This time, however, there came a look in the eye of his parent the like of which the boy had never seen before, and his heart beat fast as he seemed to realize that at last it meant “git out.”

For a moment the lad stood, looking about at the old garden, at each familiar spot, and away to the fields beyond; he looked wistfully at the door closed against him; he saw the closely curtained window through which the light now softly diffused, speaking to him of happy childhood days, of home, and friends, and shelter. He turned his face upwards and felt the evening shadows gathering fast; his lips quivered—just a little—but he turned him about and walked slowly out upon the roadway.

An hour later, as was his habit, Old Blixter came out and sat upon the bench beside the open door to enjoy an evening pipe. All the storm of temper and passion had now passed away, but in its place there came to the old man a sense of self-condemnation, and a vague feeling of alarm.

Through the open doorway he tried at times, with an air of indifference, to engage in conversation with the mother of his boy, who sat within engaged upon some household task, but they were pitiful attempts, followed by long spells of silence, with uneasy glances along the hedges and among the black shadows about the corners of the house.

Already the hour for retiring had come and gone. Several times the old man had shifted his position. Stealthily he had crept about and peered into the currant bushes along the fences; he had felt his way all around the outbuildings, and even the big old barn had been searched—

searched as it had never been in all the years before, from floor to roof. Occasionally as he stood quite still and inclined his ear, there came a softly breathed call, “Silas! Silas! where are ye?”

There was no longer now any excuse for remaining out in the night. Once more Old Blixter walked down the little path to the gate and looked out, vainly trying to pierce through the gloom. A gust of wind came rushing down the roadway, paused before him but for an instant, snatched up a handful of white dusty earth, tossed it about in savage glee and was gone. Up in the sky came black threatening clouds, then a low mutter, and a flash of lightning.

The old man returned to the house. Entering he closed the door, bolted and double locked it. The mother arose. For an instant they looked into each other's eyes. Throughout all that weary evening she had watched him; secretly, all unknown to himself, she had followed his every movement, she had shared his anxiety, she had heard his cry.

“Will I be leavin’ a light b’ the windy?” she asked timidly.

“A light b’ the windy! What fer?—there’ll be no light by any windy in this house this night as there’s never been!”

Twelve o’clock. It echoed through the house with twelve long lazy strokes, and Old Blixter moved uneasily on the bed that brought him no repose.

One o’clock. Cautiously the old man raised his head and listened, then with a quick and noiseless movement stood out upon the floor. Cautiously he lighted the candle, and shading it with his hand peered curiously for a moment across the bed, then stealthily tip-toed out on the landing and down the stairs. The light had but disappeared from the room when there glided after him a trembling white-robed figure, watching him from above as he opened the door, listening anxiously as he peered out into the black and angry night, pelting the ground with fierce weighty drops. She saw the anxious, disappointed face

as he returned and bolted the door, then swiftly and silently crept back to bed as the old man ascended the stair.

Two o'clock—three o'clock—four o'clock—the same anxious peering into the night and return to a sleepless rest.

And now, with only an occasional rumble and mutter, the clouds went hurrying away across the sky, and out from the eastern distance there came a faint ray of light—it was dawn. The duties of another day were commenced in the Blixter household; they were commenced in silence, and so were they on the following day, and for many days thereafter. In silence Old Blixter performed his usual duties. He smoked before the cottage door in the evening, he retired to his rest and arose to his work, but he became a reserved, grave, old man. His strong firm face was saddened and his temper softened, but the boy's name was never mentioned either in the household or without.

Two years passed away and November, 1838, brought its cold, wet days, and with it came trouble along the border of eastern Ontario. The inhabitants found themselves suddenly called upon to defend their homes and land from the raid of those so-called patriots, better known as rebels, who had secretly upon United States territory fostered their plans for that ill-advised invasion.

For some time past couriers had been kept busy, communicating from point to point the news which was brought in by those detailed to watch the first movements of the enemy. From careful observation it soon became conviction that the town of Prescott (then a village) was the objective point, and already suspicious craft were seen hovering about the river above. Alarm and anxiety spread rapidly among the villagers, and many families with their little ones were hurriedly moved into the country districts. The volunteers of the district were quickly summoned, and irregular forces were rapidly formed by scores of loyalists, who hurried in from all parts.

News travelled fast enough in those days, and Old Blixter, though quiet and reserved himself, was kept well informed upon all interesting events by people passing his door.

It was the evening before the 13th of November, and the old man sat out in front as usual enjoying his pipe, when his attention became attracted by the sound of a horse's feet galloping in the still far-off distance. Nearer and nearer they drew until he could distinctly make out the rapid *click-a-lick, click-a-lick* upon the hard and partly frozen roadway. Almost immediately a courier hove in sight around a bend of the road, and the next instant with a sudden check upon the rein, swung from the saddle, and all hot and dusty leaned over the gate.

"How d' y' do, Mr. Blixter? It's great times we're having. They put me at this business because I know the roads and people round here. I just thought I'd stop and give you the news—expect a change of horse at the corners, so can't stop long. The reb's have landed—they're at Windmill Point now—there 'ill be a fight to-morrow and they're going to get it hot. All the boys are out and volunteers pouring in!"

Old Blixter had risen from his seat and was walking slowly towards the speaker, who continued—"And, I say, I saw your Silas in the village—just came in as I was leaving—wanted to volunteer, captain thought he was too young—wanted the bugle, said he knew all about it—learnt it away up west there some place, said he could sound the commands. They took him—though I don't believe another soul knows him; precious little time for names or roll-calls these times. But I can't stop another second; good-bye—if any riflemen pass send them in quick!"

As the old man stood there, his face fixed and still, for the moment dazed, a small, hard, bony hand was slipped into his, and together the old couple stood in the chilly evening wind, and looked after the horseman as he dashed around a curve in the road and was

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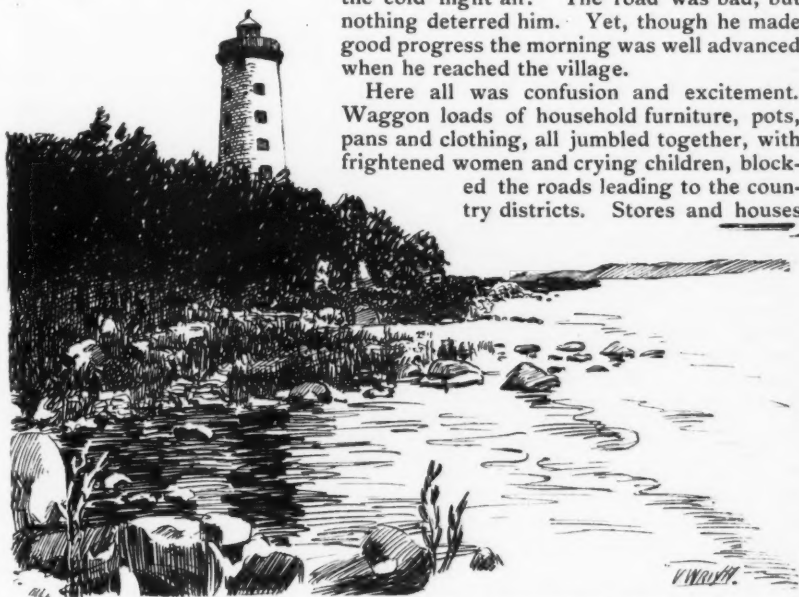
gone. Then, hand in hand with heavy hearts, they turned about and walked back to the house. Mutual grief had bound them closer together, but, though each knew well the other's heart, never a word had passed their lips upon the subject since that night two years ago when the lad went out from among them.

Again Old Blixter lay upon his bed with wide open eyes which spoke of sleepless rest, and again with long solemn strokes the clock tolled the hour

woman figure hurried down the stair and, fearfully pulling aside a corner of the curtain, watched him go out upon the moon-lit roadway and stride off rapidly in the direction of the village. Then, burying her face in her arms, the long thin grey locks falling about her, she sat by the table and sobbed—until the morning light, stealing through the room, called her again to her household duties.

Old Blixter strode steadily on, his tall figure firm and erect as he faced the cold night air. The road was bad, but nothing deterred him. Yet, though he made good progress the morning was well advanced when he reached the village.

Here all was confusion and excitement. Waggon loads of household furniture, pots, pans and clothing, all jumbled together, with frightened women and crying children, blocked the roads leading to the country districts. Stores and houses



THE OLD WIND-MILL AS IT IS TO-DAY, NOW A GOVERNMENT LIGHTHOUSE.

of midnight. Slowly the old man got up from his bed and proceeded to dress himself with some deliberation in his best clothes. He had finished his toilet and pulled on a pair of stout walking boots, and had prepared to leave the room, conscious all the while that other eyes were watching by the dim light of the candle his every movement. At the door he turned and gazed steadily into the face turned to his, then silently made his way down the stair and out into the night. As the door closed behind him, a little

were closed, windows locked and doors barricaded. Everything presented an air of disorder and desertion.

About a mile below the village stood the windmill,\* a great stone tower with

\* The battle of the windmill was fought on the 13th Nov., 1838. Leavitt, in his authentic "History of Leeds and Grenville," places the number of killed and wounded at 114, gives the names of the officers on the Canadian forces who suffered, names of the regiments engaged and the casualties in each rank, as taken from a summary of the battle given by a British officer who was present, and also from official reports.



massive sides and narrow port-holed windows. It stood on a point extending into the river, and was moreover upon high ground, a slight eminence which lent to it excellent means for defence. During the previous day the rebels had effected a landing, occupied the mill as well as some stone houses in the vicinity, and the bushes along the river bank. Earthworks had also been thrown up to protect the approaches, and on the highest point of the slope were planted a couple of pieces of artillery commanding the road. From every port-hole of the mill clear to the top, there being several stories, pointed the rifles of sharpshooters.

Col. Young, the military commander of the district, had charge of the Canadian forces. It was early in the morning, when his men by a well-devised scheme, marched out in two columns, one going down the main road by the river side and the other with a wide sweeping movement, around a patch of marshy land upon the flank of the enemy. Few of the Canadians had ever seen service before, but their blood was up, and they were determined that the invaders should rue the attempt to meddle in the affairs of their country.

In less than twenty minutes they came in touch with the enemy, and were received by a line of fire which extended clear around the slope of the hill. Almost at the same moment fire was opened upon the mill by two British steamers which had come down from Kingston.

Col. Young, realizing that a prolonged fight in the open would mean serious loss to his men, decided to close quickly with the enemy. The two columns were brought rapidly into position; the order to advance sounded clear and distinct, and soon the battle became general. The roar of cannon rang out on the morning air, while the continued and rapid crackling of small arms told of the fierceness of the fight. From the steamers on the river there belched forth a continuous fire, which, however, was finally found to be use-

less, as ball after ball crashed with tremendous force against the mill sides, only to glance away from its massive walls like so many marbles, and go skimming across the roads and fields, splintering fences and ripping up the sod.

Now the tower and all the battle-field lay enveloped in clouds of smoke which hung about it like a pall, while burning roofs were adding horror to the scene. Now came shouts and cheers of the men as they crowded on, and ever above the din of battle rang out the clear bugle notes, continually sounding the advance, as the brave Canadians rushed forward from shelter to shelter, closer and closer to the enemy's works, each time forcing the rebels further in, and each time leaving behind them a trail of dead and dying men, with wounded crawling or limping to places of shelter and support. And then at the last, with a long ringing shout, they sprang to their feet, their bayonets glistening in the morning sun, and with a dash that could not be for one moment withstood, sprang over the enemy's last defence. With cries of fear the rebel forces broke in a panic, and fled for safety to the mill, which many reached, but a goodly number were cut off and shot, or captured in the bushes along the river side.

As the battle proceeded there was gathered along the outskirts of the village and along the ruins of old Fort Wellington, a crowd of old men, boys and women, watching in fear and trembling with a strange sort of fascination the course of events.

Now came hurried feet of messengers with all kinds of rumours of dead and wounded, and awful horrors, terribly exaggerated by those not familiar with scenes of war.

With them came a knot of shivering little urchins, excited, gesticulating and shouting, each trying to make himself heard, as they gathered up bits of news and passed them on.

"The boy! the bugler boy, you know!" cried one at the pitch of his voice; "he's shot! he's dead!"

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In a twinkling, with a grip of a vice, the terrified youngster was seized from behind by the arm.

"And who's the bugler boy, you young jackanapes, quick? Who's he, I say?"

"I don't know, sir! I don't know—leastwise I never heard, sir!" the urchin cried in terror. "He fell by the stone wall there, sir, they say, about a mile or so by the field yonder!"

Old Blixter, for he it was, with white stern face, strode away in the direction indicated. Down by the roadway where those dread balls came tearing up their path—down to the very jaws of death where that deadly rifle fire came pouring from the port-holes of the tower—shots fell thick and fast about him, many were aimed at him, until at last finding him only an unarmed, indifferent old man, and baffled in their efforts to bring him down, the enemy withheld their fire in actual wonder and pity.

All about him lay the sad and awful end of battle's cruel work. He hurried on, passing unheeded the unfamiliar dead, while the cries of agony and suffering scarcely reached his ears. Some strange impelling force seemed to draw him on, until at last he was seen to drop down upon his hands and knees. Alas! it was too true; the bright and spirited young bugler boy, in a dash of enthusiasm and excitement had leaped upon the wall, and, as his bugle blast went echoing even above the din of battle, a rebel bullet found him, and turned his fair young face up to the sky with the laughter still upon it.

Tenderly—wonderingly, the old man washed away the clots of blood from his forehead and wiped the dust from the face. Still on hands and knees, he gazed long upon those loved features; then, lifting one hand to Heaven, he turned upwards a face sad and white and aged, as he cried in his

agony, "Now God have mercy upon me!"

With a strength almost superhuman the stricken man raised the lifeless form of his boy and laid it across his shoulders, then with long steady steps he strode back across the battlefield, out upon the roadway, and on up through the village. Many looked after him in wonder and amazement, but though accosted, he made no reply, neither did he direct a look to the right nor to the left. On he strode in silence, out of the village by the road whence he came, and towards his home.

It was far into the night when he reached the house, but, as he walked up the pathway, the door seemed to open mechanically, and a dim light burned in a small apartment off the larger living room. Entering here, he laid the still form out upon the little white bed, and turning about, he only said in words that sounded far away, "Mother, thy boy has come back!" Then going out he shut the door behind him and left them alone.

It is years now since Old Blixter has gone away from the remembrance of his sorrow. Readers of the records of that bloody little "Battle of The Windmill" will remember how the Canadians doggedly held the rebels in the old tower until compelled to surrender. Proudly may they point to the list of the brave men who fought, but in vain will they seek the name of the bugler boy among the hero dead, so suddenly had he come among the volunteers upon that eventful day, and so strangely had his remains been spirited away. But there are some in the neighbourhood of the Old Blixter cottage, who may remember well the bent-up form of a little old man going about the countryside of an afternoon, looking into the back yards for little boys engaged upon a reluctant task, and asking if he might come in and saw their wood while they went off to play.



## The Perils of the Red Box

### By HEADON HILL

PERIL V.—THE ALCOVE ROOM AT THE VATICAN

"BUT, signor, I greatly regret that his Eminence the Cardinal Foreign Secretary is indisposed. He can see no one to-day."

"Then I must see the Holy Father himself," I said, tapping the red box impatiently.

ly. "My business is urgent, and cannot be postponed."

The six-foot Swiss on duty at the gate of Cardinal Rampolla's official bureau in the Vatican, looked about him for a witness with whom to share his amazement at my audacity. There was none such in the court-yard, and he turned a sterner eye on me.

"That, signor, as you should know, is quite impossible," he said. "His Holiness receives but at stated times, and then only after much ceremony of pre-arrangement and introduction."

"But I bear despatches from the British Government, which I am instructed to deliver personally into the hands of his Eminence the Foreign Secretary," I retorted. "Is there no one in authority who can inform me when I can see him?"

The disclosure of my official position worked a quick change in the demeanour of the Swiss guardsman. He drew himself up and saluted, relaxing the suspicious eye which he had kept on my despatch-box.

"There is Father Antonio, the private secretary of his Eminence," he replied briskly. "If the signor will please to mount the stairs and tap at the door at the end of the lobby he will find the good father."

The man stood aside, and, passing through the low doorway, I climbed the steep flight of stone steps in some

amusement at the difficulty I had had in gaining entrance. To all the great Chancelleries of Europe the messengers of her Majesty have unquestioned and honoured access; and here was I, kept at parley outside the executive office of an institution that now-a-days is not a state at all. Of course the explanation was that Great Britain, as a non-Catholic power, is not represented diplomatically at the Papal Court, and that direct communications of an official nature are so rare as to be almost unknown. Though I was in complete ignorance of the purport of the despatch entrusted to me, I guessed that it was important from the stringent instruction given me not to part with it except into the hands of the Pope or his foreign secretary, Cardinal Rampolla. As I have said before, I am no politician, and the actual performance of my duty was all that concerned me.

Knocking at the door which the Swiss had described, I was at once bidden to enter, and found myself in the presence of a tall, rather cadaverous young priest who was writing at a well-worn office table. As he glanced up, I thought that the colour in his olive cheeks deepened a little, and I put it down to the unwonted apparition of a military-looking foreigner in his sanctum.

"Your business, signor?" he said in Italian, speaking with a quick, nervous intonation.

"I carry a despatch from the British Foreign Office to Cardinal Rampolla, but I regret to hear that his Eminence is indisposed," I replied in Italian as good as his own.

The young priest rose courteously on hearing of my mission, and placed a chair. "His Eminence is certainly ill, too ill to receive you, though able to transact affairs," he said. But I have the honour to be his private secretary, and I will, if you wish it, take the despatch to his apartments."

"I tender my best thanks, but that I fear is impossible," I replied. "My orders are very strict to present the despatch to the Cardinal personally. How long is it likely to be before he will be able to receive me?"

"That I shall endeavour to ascertain if you will kindly wait," was the reply. And with a grave bow Father Antonio passed out through an inner door which, by the sound of his retreating footsteps, must have led into a stone-paved corridor.

I had waited perhaps five minutes, when the same door opened swiftly, without any warning of approach, and an old man in a skull-cap and cassock swept into the room imperiously, with an activity beyond his years. A pair of fierce eyes, glowing from sunken sockets, glared at me with haughty inquiry. As an Irishman I am of the Roman faith, and I rose respectfully, for I felt that I was in the presence of a Prince of the Church.

"Father Antonio not here?" he asked curtly.

"No, monsignor; he has but now left the room, and will shortly return," I replied.

"And you, signor?"

"I am Captain Melgund, with despatches from the British Foreign Office for his Eminence the Cardinal Rampolla," I said.

"Good!" was the abrupt reply, and turning on his heel the old ecclesiastic left the room by the way he had come—and as swiftly and silently.

At the end of five minutes Father Antonio returned, rubbing his thin hands deprecatingly. "It is, as I feared, extremely doubtful if the cardinal will be able to receive you at all today," he said. "But his Eminence is most anxious that the affair should be attended to, and he suggests that you should call this evening at six, when, if he is better, and his physician permits it, he will make an effort to see you."

There was nothing for it but to acquiesce; and, thanking the father for his courtesy, I left the room to descend to the court-yard. The Cardinal's sec-

retary had reseated himself at his writing-table with all the air of making up for lost time, so that I was rather surprised when he overtook me halfway down the stairs.

"I have just thought that when you come this evening it will be better if you go to the outer door of the Cardinal's private apartments instead of to this one," he said. "This is his official bureau only, and I might not be here at that hour. I will show you the private door now, so that you may have no difficulty in finding it later."

Assuring him of my gratitude, I stepped aside at the foot of the stairs for him to precede me. He led me half the length of the court-yard, down a narrow alley, and into a smaller court, where he indicated a massive, iron-studded door, set in very ancient masonry, as the one I should seek. Then after promising that either he or some one else would be at the door at six, and if possible conduct me to the Cardinal, he led the way back to the outer court, and with one of his grave bows returned to his work.

It being not yet noon, I decided to kill some of the hours of my long wait by looking in at the British Embassy to see if I could find an old acquaintance among the *attachés*. I was lucky enough to catch young Peters—the same who at Constantinople had pointed out to me Zgoureff, the Russian dragoman of evil memory—and together we went and made a merry lunch at a *café* on the Via Nazionale. The Embassy having no diplomatic relations with the Vatican, Peters knew nothing about the procedure there, but he happened to have heard incidentally of Rampolla's illness.

"Something quite sudden," he remarked. "The old boy was out and about yesterday morning to my knowledge, for I met him toddling along the Via Condotti."

After Peters had departed to keep an appointment, I remained to smoke a cigarette, amusing myself the while in watching the people in the street, and the customers passing in and out of the *café*. The establishment was a

fashionable one, most of the frequenters being well-dressed foreigners, including a goodly contingent of the ever-present globe-trotting American. It was, therefore, somewhat of a surprise to see a dwarfed hunchback, ill-clad and none too clean, threading his way among the marble-topped tables and bentwood chairs. He was glancing about as though in search of some one, when suddenly his eyes falling on the red box at my side, lit up with swift satisfaction. To my astonishment he waddled straight up to me.

"Captain Melgund, signor?" he asked in a garlic-tainted breath. "Then this is for you," he proceeded, drawing a note from the folds of his tattered cloak. "I was told to say that it would explain itself, and that I was not to wait for a reply." And having handed me the letter he made off with all speed.

Tearing off the envelope, which bore my name in a neat feminine hand, I read as follows:—

*"Palazzo Treboni, Rome.*

"DEAR CAPTAIN MELGUND,

"If my messenger find you, please come to me at once. I want to see you on a matter touching your mission, and possibly affecting your professional reputation.

"Yours sincerely,

"MILLCENT AMBROSE."

Now this was a truly astonishing letter. In the first place I had not had the faintest notion that Lady Ambrose was in Rome; and secondly, it seemed inconceivable that she could be aware of my presence there—much less of my "mission," of the nature of which I was profoundly ignorant myself.

Milly Ambrose and I had got on very well together during the last five London seasons. She was married to an elderly peer, who had espoused the cause of Don Carlos as his pet hobby; and as her husband spent most of his time with Carlist spies and refugees in Soho, she had to amuse herself. But she was as straight a little woman as ever breathed, thoroughly loyal to her inattentive worse half, and friendly as we had been in a platonic way, I knew of no reason why she should have

taken the trouble to so accurately track my movements. As to the references to my mission and professional reputation, they were puzzles which could only be solved at the interview requested.

Ten minutes later I was at the Palazzo Treboni, which stood self-confessed as one of those residences of the nobility which are to be "let furnished" in a Rome where old nobility has seen its day. Lady Ambrose received me in her boudoir, and extended to me the most cordial welcome.

"You are such a good fellow, Jocelyn, that I couldn't have you go wrong for want of a hint," she said, when we had exhausted the amenities. "My trouble was how to get at you, for though I knew you would be certain to drop in at the Embassy, I did not dare send one of our own servants. So I hit on the idea of sending the hunchback beggar who sits at the receipt of custom in the Piazza Marchesi. He is my devoted slave, but I feared he might not find you, with no clue but the Embassy and the red box to work from."

"But, my dear lady, this is all a mystery," I interrupted. "How on earth could you be aware that I was in Rome? And please tell me how I am in danger of going wrong, more than usual?"

Her pretty ladyship had a trick of stabbing her finger at one when she wanted to be impressive, and she indulged it now. "I am really serious, but unfortunately I can answer neither of your questions quite fully," she replied. "You must be content with what I *can* tell you, and then trust to your *nous* to read between the lines and safeguard yourself accordingly. Now light a cigarette and listen. You know the lengths to which my husband's quixotic fad for backing the Carlists leads him—with what strange creatures he associates, what weird slums he visits in furtherance of what he calls 'the cause.' Well, when we came to Rome a month ago I hoped that we had done with intrigue for the present, and that 'the cause' would be



shelved in favour of a little innocent sight-seeing. The first two days here showed the hope to be ill-founded; Ambrose had come to Rome purposely to play the game of conspiracy, and with this unpleasant difference—that his fellow-conspirators come to him instead of his going to them. Of course, even he draws the line at inviting his unwashed colleagues from Soho to our house in Belgrave Square. Here in Rome his friends are persons who *do* wash, and he consequently asks them. Guess who they mostly are. You cannot? Well, they are cardinals."

"Cardinals!" I exclaimed in surprise, yet at once beginning to catch something of her drift.

"Yes, cardinals," she went on. "The trouble between Spain and the United States is at the bottom of it. There are two parties in the Sacred College just now, one set wishing Spain to be embroiled in war so as to give Don Carlos a chance; the other, in the interests of the reigning dynasty, hoping for Spain to yield far enough to gain an honourable peace. I need hardly say which of the two sets is always hanging about here; and, Jocelyn, I overheard a conversation this morning. I can tell you what that pet box of yours, that you are stroking so affectionately, contains."

"Go on. This is interesting, and seems to be serious," I said.

"It contains a despatch to the effect that the British Government suggests and favours the mediation of the Pope between Spain and America," replied Lady Ambrose. "You can understand with what sentiments the Carlist cardinals view your mission—after being at considerable pains to ascertain the nature of it through their agents in England."

"I can understand that, in vulgar phrase, they would be delighted to queer my pitch," I said. "By the way, as you know so much you are probably aware that I have been to the Vatican this morning, and Rampolla was too ill to receive me. Is that part of the affair? Is he shamming so as to gain delay and assist the cause?"

Somewhat to my surprise, Millicent, usually so glib of reply, remained thoughtfully silent during an appreciable pause. "Look here, Jocelyn," she said at length; "I am in a dilemma—how much and how little to tell you. I want to see you safely through this, but I want to do it without compromising my husband. The answer to your first question is 'yes.' Rampolla's illness *has* to do with your errand. Your second question may be answered emphatically in the negative. The Cardinal Foreign Secretary is above suspicion of partisanship."

"Then, dear Lady Ambrose, if his Eminence is on the square, where does the trouble come in?" I asked. And as the notion occurred to me my thoughts reverted to the fierce-eyed old man who had flashed so imperiously in and out of Father Antonio's room at the Vatican that morning. I added a few words describing that brief apparition.

For reply Millicent Ambrose took a photograph from a table at her elbow, and handed it to me. "Do you know Cardinal Rampolla by sight?" she said, divining my thoughts. "That is he."

The picture portrayed a courteous-looking old gentleman, differing in every feature from the stern-visaged ascetic of the morning, and my half-formed theory fell to the ground. I had never seen the original of the photograph.

"If that is the Cardinal Foreign Secretary I do not know him, but why do you ask?" I said.

"There again I cannot answer you," replied Lady Ambrose. "I show you his picture so that you may know him by sight—that is all. But this is the chief point, Jocelyn: when you go to the Vatican this evening to see him you will be conducted to a certain room, one side of which will be an alcove. I have not seen it myself, so I cannot describe it to you, but on no account set foot in that alcove—no matter what pretext may be used to inveigle you into it. Promise me that."

"But why not? Surely you can be more explicit," I said.

"Indeed I cannot; you must use your wits, and you will find that I have told you quite enough to enable you to do so," said Lady Ambrose. "Only bear in mind that if you go into the alcove of the room into which you will be shown your despatches will not be likely to reach their destination, and you will come out all right."

Finding it impossible to get more from her, I thanked her for the warning and withdrew. Almost from the moment of leaving the presence of Millicent Ambrose signs were not wanting that she had had good reason for her communication. Passing down the broad staircase I was surprised to see Lord Ambrose, who was supposed to be out, in conversation with some one at the street door, and as I drew nearer he opened the door a little wider, the better to emphasize his concluding sentence—

"Not a hair of his head must be hurt, mind, or I withdraw my support from the movement."

With these remarkable words he closed the door and turned towards me, but not before I had caught a glimpse of the man to whom he had been speaking. Brief as was the opportunity I recognized him as the young priest who acted as private secretary to Cardinal Rampolla—the Father Antonio who had received me in the morning. Seeing that I had just been assured of the cardinal's impartiality at the present crisis, it was, to say the least of it, strange to find his lieutenant there and in that company.

There was no time then to think out whether the private secretary was there as a traitor to, or in the interests of, his chief, for Lord Ambrose came forward with outstretched hand. He was a faded, somewhat weary-looking man of sixty, and though I knew that he prided himself on an inscrutable air, as befitting an amateur conspirator, it was easy to perceive that he was disconcerted by my appearance.

"Why, Melgund!" he exclaimed. "Who would have thought of seeing you in Rome. You are taking a holiday, I presume, as Queen's Messen-

gers on duty here are not common objects."

The droop in his eyes at the close of the sentence gave him away, and told me that his surprise was simulated. Whatever might be the plot against my despatches, and possibly against myself, Lord Ambrose was aware of it, though his parting injunction to Father Antonio, if it referred to me, absolved him from the suspicion of intending violence towards me. Rather did he give me the impression during that short interview of having set certain forces in motion which had got beyond his feeble control, and the effect of which he dreaded as much on his own account as on mine.

It was no part of my policy to let him see that he had incurred suspicion, so I answered with frankness—

"I have come over with despatches for the Vatican, and having an hour or two to spare I have been paying my respects to Lady Ambrose. It was quite a pleasant surprise to find that you were established in Rome."

"Ah, yes," said his lordship, peering at me with his mean little eyes, "and how did you discover us so soon?"

As a humble instrument of the diplomatic service I count a white lie as a useful figure of speech, especially when it is to save a lady from annoyance, so I was prompt with my reply.

"Young Peters, of the Embassy, let fall that you were at the Palazzo Treboni, and I lost no time in coming to call," I said.

His sigh of relief was an eloquent tribute to the convincing earnestness which I had imparted to my polite fiction. He evidently had no certain knowledge that his wife was aware of his schemes, though my presence in the house had filled him with a vague uneasiness, now happily removed. I should ill have requited her ladyship's interest in me by betraying it, for though Lord Ambrose knew his wife too well to be jealous, he would never have forgiven her for thwarting any project connected with his pet hobby.

Satisfied on this point, his manner

became more assured, and he waved a withered hand at the red box which I was carrying under my arm. "I suppose that they don't let you official Mercurys into the State secrets that you carry about," he said with a ponderous playfulness, in which however I recognized an undercurrent of real curiosity as to whether I knew anything of my errand.

"No, indeed," I replied, restraining an impulse to tell this smug intriguer that my official ignorance had, in this instance, been enlightened indirectly by his own spying colleagues. "I am only a sort of postman, you see, Lord Ambrose, and the contents of the missives I deliver concern me not. To carry the simile further, the letters I am charged with are always as good as registered."

"How do you mean?" he asked nervously.

"Inasmuch as they always reach their destination," I replied.

He scanned my face anxiously for traces of a deeper meaning, but as I had spoken carelessly, with but the slightest emphasis on the word "always," he gave up trying to fathom me, and with a little gesture of impatience intimated that he was unduly detaining me. Which meant, I reflected, when we had shaken hands and the street door had closed upon me, that his lordship, having failed to pump me, was heartily glad to see my back.

Having wiled away the remaining hour in a picture-gallery, I turned my steps to the Vatican again, and as the clocks of Rome boomed out the hour of six, presented myself at the door which Father Antonio had indicated. As I passed through the outer court I noticed that the Swiss guard who had directed me in the morning had been relieved, his post being now occupied by an older man, a sinister-looking fellow with the scar of a sabre-cut across the cheek. It struck me as significant that though he scowled at me he gave no challenge. Save for this sentry that part of the precincts of the Papal Palace seemed to be deserted.

On my using the ancient iron knock-

er the door was immediately opened, not, as I had expected, by Father Antonio, but by a stout man-servant wearing the Papal livery. Like the man on guard outside he was of a most forbidding appearance, and I wondered if it was mere coincidence that had hedged the Cardinal about with such a ruffianly set of minions on that particular evening.

"To see his Eminence the Foreign Secretary?" said the man, anticipating my inquiry.

"With despatches from the British Government," I assented in my most important manner.

"Follow me, signor, if you please."

Up a winding stair he led the way, and along a succession of stone-paved passages to a door on which he rapped loudly with his knuckles. I could not be sure, but it seemed to me that there had been a subdued hum of voices within which immediately died away at the sound of our approach. By the light of what followed it is more than probable, and about the second impression conveyed to my mind there was no doubt whatever. At the conclusion of the very appreciable pause that succeeded the man-servant's knock there was a noise in the room like the dull clang of metal. It reminded me of the sound made by the letting down or rolling up of the iron shutters of a tradesman's shop in a London street, and it was quickly followed by a harsh command to enter.

The apartment into which I stepped, the servant retiring when he had ushered me in, was so darkened by heavy window-blinds that at first it was difficult to form any idea of its dimensions and of the number of its occupants. But as my eyes were growing accustomed to the gloom, the harsh voice broke out again and drew my attention to a figure seated at a table facing the door.

"You have a despatch, signor, from the British Government, I understand. Be good enough to hand it to me, for time presses."

My sight served me now, and I saw who it was with whom I had to deal.

The lean old man in skull-cap and cassock, whose eyes, deep sunk in fleshless sockets, glared hungrily at me, was the masterful ecclesiastic who had come into Father Antonio's bureau in the morning—not the original of the picture which Lady Ambrose had shown me as that of Cardinal Rampolla. I felt that the position was fraught with grave difficulty, for whoever this personage might be—Rampolla or another—he was evidently a very big man indeed. It must be remembered, too, that I was a Roman Catholic, imbued from childhood with a deep veneration for the heads of my church.

"Have I the honour of addressing his Eminence the Cardinal Foreign Secretary?" I said. "Monsignor will pardon me for being punctilious, but my instructions are explicit only to deliver my despatch to his Eminence."

The scowl of disappointment which the old man shot at me told that my precaution had not been uncalled for.

"You asked for Cardinal Rampolla, and you have been shown up to me by a servant in the Papal uniform. That should relieve you of further responsibility," he said.

"Not if you are not the Cardinal Foreign Secretary," I replied firmly. "My responsibility only ends with the delivery of the despatch into his own hands. My Government puts it on my shoulders not to make mistakes in identity, and to be frank with you, monsignor, I happen to know the Cardinal by sight."

The trick that had been prepared for me was self-evident, though it might very well have succeeded had not Rampolla's photograph been shown to me. The idea of introducing me to a dignitary under circumstances which would lead me, as a matter of course, to take him for the Foreign Secretary was ingenious, and I silently thanked Millicent Ambrose for her warning. I felt myself able to cope, courteously, but firmly, with this very reverend deceiver, and I began to mentally prepare a reply to the outburst of wrath which I expected.

But nothing of the sort was forth-

coming. The old man at the table leaned his head more heavily on his hand, and craned forward, blinking at me strangely. "I did not represent myself to be Cardinal Rampolla," he said in a tone of reproof. "I would not have you believe me guilty of a lie which I did not speak. I am the Cardinal Ferretaro, chief of the household of his Holiness. In the absence of the Cardinal Foreign Secretary, who more fitted to act as intermediary between the British Government and the Pope than I?"

I was about to repeat with some warmth that my instructions could not be departed from, when for the first time my eyes penetrated the darkness behind Cardinal Ferretaro's chair. My mind had hitherto been so occupied with the juggled identities of the two cardinals that I had clean forgotten the second of Lady Ambrose's injunctions—about the alcove in the room in which I should be received. But now I saw that at the end of the room was a recess some ten feet square, draped as to its sides with heavy curtains. It was clearly the alcove, into which I was not under any pretext to be inveigled.

But though the discovery braced every nerve in my body, I reflected that no attempt had been made to lure me into the recess. On the contrary it was at Cardinal Ferretaro's back; to reach it I should have had to push by him rudely; and neither by glance nor gesture, much less in words, had he drawn my attention that way. Besides he and I were alone in the room, and what harm had I, a strong man in the prime of life, to fear at the hands of a venerable cleric of seventy, no matter how fiery his temperament.

But *were* we alone in the room together! Even as I framed a reply to his protest and a further refusal to his demand, the curtain at the right of the alcove shook ever so slightly. There was no time to wonder whether the movement of the drapery was caught by draught. In all its naked horror it stood revealed at once as the act of man—the act of a man, as it was pre-

sented to my senses, bent on murder. From behind the curtain glided Father Antonio, Rampolla's secretary, a gleaming dagger poised in his hand. His attitude threatened instant death to the aged cardinal at the table.

In an instant all thought of Lady Ambrose's warning was blotted from my mind, and with it all heed for the clashing schemes of these intriguing churchmen. It is true that there flashed across me the words which I had heard Lord Ambrose use to the private secretary, "not a hair of his head must be hurt,"—words which seem now to apply to Ferretaro instead of to myself. But that mattered nothing; the thought was gone as soon as it crossed my brain; all that concerned me then was to fling myself between the unconscious victim and the impending knife.

With a cry of warning to Cardinal Ferretaro I sprang forward, and rushing past the table clutched for Antonio's upraised arm. But my grasp met nothing but empty air. For, swinging lissomely aside, the young priest eluded me like an eel, and dashed round to the other side of the recess, whence he darted into the room without any attempt to strike the Cardinal as he sped by. I was beginning to congratulate myself on the effect of a martial bearing on the clerical mind when a metallic rattle above my head caused me to look up. I comprehended in an instant. I had transgressed into the alcove, and coming swiftly down from the ceiling was an iron screen which in two seconds would wall me up. All too late I saw through the ruse by which the wily Cardinal, in collusion with his opponent's secretary, had planned to get me and the red box into his power.

There was no time to weigh chances, nor can I analyze the motives that led me to select one of the two open to me, to try to quit the alcove before the shutter reached the floor, or to force Ferretaro to share whatever fate he had prepared for me. Be the lightning-flash of argument that moved me what it may, I chose the latter course, and

stretching out my hand for the neck of the cardinal's cassock I snatched him into the alcove just in time to save him from being guillotined by the edge of the descending shutter.

We were in total darkness, and when the echo of the clanging iron had died away the croaking gasps of the old man told me that he lay at my feet. Knowing that the red box was securely slung across my shoulder, I felt strangely reckless.

"Well, your Eminence," I said. "You have got me and my despatch, and I have got you. What is to be the end of the adventure? I presume that your interesting young coadjutor will set the machinery in motion and let us out—seeing that he has caught more than he and you bargained for."

"My son, I have been informed that you are of the Faith," said the cardinal, and the sound of his voice told me that he had struggled to his feet. "Down on your knees, if you would have absolution, for you are a dying man. And I, who God forgive me, have brought you to this pass, must die unshriven."

Now I, who have faced death many times, was more thrilled by the horror of his proposal—that I should receive absolution from my murderer—than by the danger foreshadowed by his words. My chief sensation was one of mild curiosity as to what this thing was that he had intended to happen to me; and that was now going to happen to him as well.

"Under the circumstances I will do without absolution," I said. "But if it will ease your Eminence's conscience to confess, I am prepared to listen. Moreover, as I am a man of resource, it is possible that I may devise means to escape death—when I know the manner of it."

His own position must have brought home to him the horror of the crime he had arranged, for I will give him this credit—that it was shame and not fear that caused him to hesitate. "In less than five minutes," he wailed at last, "the bottom of this alcove will



open downwards, and we shall fall into a fathomless well. It is one of—one of the secrets of the Vatican."

"Faith, and a monstrous secret, too, for you to be telling me, you old villain—begging your Eminence's pardon," I replied, my anger getting the better of the respect due to his cloth. "And what is to prevent that broth of a boy, Antonio, from lifting the trap and setting us free, now that he knows you are on the wrong side of the shutter?"

"That is our only chance, and doubtless he will make the attempt—if only to save himself from accusations," said Ferretaro gloomily. "But the machinery is cumbersome, and in another chamber, some distance off. I fear that he will not make it work in time."

"And that hatchet-faced conspirator, Ambrose, did he know what you had got up for me?" I asked.

"With my last breath let me do him justice," said the Cardinal. "He knew that Rampolla was to be given a little medical dose, that he could not receive you; he knew that I was to personate the Foreign Secretary in the hope of getting the despatch; but he did *not* know of the alternative which he had prepared against failure. Lord Ambrose was told at the Palazzo Treboni this morning that you would be received in the alcove-room, and that if we could not persuade you to part with the despatch you would be *detained*, by means of the shutter, till you complied. These are not Rampolla's apartments, but mine, and care has been taken to have none but trusty guards and servants about them to-night."

So the reticence of Millicent Ambrose's warning was explained, and I was glad to think that if she had known the nature of the "detention" got up for me she would have been more explicit.

Thence onward there was no more talk between the cardinal and myself. As the moments flew by, and the period for the slipping of the false door approached, I abandoned the by-gone

with a regretful sigh, and found myself forced to contemplate the immediate future.

I became conscious of a queer sensation in my knees, and once or twice I stumbled, from imagining that that horrible trap-door floor was giving way. The darkness strained my nerves, and when old Ferretaro began to mumble sing-song prayers I fairly chucked up the sponge. Fighting Joe Melgund of Tel-el-Kebir could have shrieked—only he didn't.

Because, suddenly, relief came in a frantic desire to have a certain question answered before I died.


"Get up and tell me this, old man," I said. "You have murdered me—are murdering me now—but how about yourself? Shall you go before your Judge guilty of suicide as well? You are killing yourself too you see."

I do not believe that I intended the brutal words as a jeer, and for uttering them my excuse must be that the tension of suspense had driven me mad. For I waited for his reply with feverish eagerness. But before it came there resounded a rattling crash like overhead thunder, and the iron shutter rolled up. I have a recollection of hurling the Cardinal bodily out of the alcove, of leaping free from the collapsing floor into the room, of confronting the pale faces of Father Antonio and half-a-dozen attendants, and of waking up a little later from a dead faint. Ferretaro lay in a huddled heap, and the attendants were trying to restore him. A glance at the alcove showed me that it had resumed its original appearance.

Presently the old man's cavernous eyes opened, and roamed from my face to the red box, thence to the group of stalwart men around him. Involuntarily I edged towards the door, for I guessed what was in his mind.

"Yes," he said gravely reading my thought, "I might with the help of these people achieve my purpose still, but"—and his voice shook—"go in peace, my son. We have been very near the gates of hell together, to-day, and I would sin no more."

# From Mount Roberts' Summit



By J. Mayne Balkmore.

MOUNT ROBERTS enjoys the distinction of being one among the lofty upheavals of Southern British Columbia. For a long time the mountain had no special name. But to one signal incident in the history of the South African war it owes its present designation. Lord Roberts, at the head of the British forces, made his victorious entry into Pretoria on the 5th day of June, 1900, and that stirring incident suggested to many of the loyal citizens of Rossland, B.C., a name for the mountain. So it was called Mount Roberts, in honour of the victory achieved by the British arms under the generalship of the old war-scarred veteran.

Mount Roberts stands almost due west from the little mountain city of Rossland. In fact, the town fairly crouches beneath the shadow cast by this colossal upheaval. Red Mountain stands northwest of Rossland, and its base and that of Mount Roberts unite.

Red Mountain is justly famous for the number and richness of its mines, generally located along the southern sides of the mountain. Prominent among these mines are Le Roi, War Eagle, Centre Star, Nickel Plate, Josie, Black Bear and Iron Mask. Rossland lies along the southern base of Red Mountain, and the northern part of the town reaches away up along the southern abrupt slopes. Red Mountain is large, rugged and high. It frowns down upon the bustling mining town so far below.

However, compared with Mount Roberts, Red Mountain seems quite

insignificant. Perhaps Mount Roberts is 1,000 feet higher. According to the Provincial Government estimates, Rossland is 3,400 feet above sea-level, and Mount Roberts' Summit is 6,500. This would make the mountain 3,100 feet above Rossland. Standing on the streets and looking up to the crest of the mountain, it appears to be much higher.

Mount Roberts has a very broad base, but, about two-thirds of the way up, the mountain rapidly diminishes in size, and shoots aloft at a very acute angle, terminating in a sharp apex. In many places the ascent is very difficult, being almost vertical. The summit is reached only by a narrow, tortuous trail. Some hours are required to ascend, as the sides are precipitous and the climbing steep and laborious. Owing to its altitude, the snow does not melt around the summit until some time in June. During the winter months snow falls to the depth of 20 or 30 feet. At such times the ascent and descent of the mountain is impossible. The mountain is clad with timber from base to apex—though in no place is the forest dense. The timber is principally cedar, fir and tamarack. None of the trees attain a large growth.

The view obtained from the pinnacle of this mountain amply repays for the time, labour and fatigue of the long climb. The panorama of wild-tossed mountains, vast, unbroken forests and distant glimpses of rivers and lakes is simply magnificent, beggaring the descriptive power.



MOUNT ROBERTS AND RED MOUNTAIN NEAR ROSSLAND, B.C.

Rossland seems little more than a mere cluster of houses. Far to the eastward can be seen the little smelter town of Trail amidst its clouds of sulphurous smoke. Just beyond may be caught a fugitive glimpse of the Columbia River, gleaming and glistening like a polished steel ribbon in the golden sunlight. Red Mountain, large as it is, seems an almost insignificant elevation in comparison with its lofty, kingly rival.

There is another noteworthy incident connected with Mount Roberts. When Lord Roberts made his triumphal entry into Pretoria, the loyalty of the British subjects of Rossland did not end with naming their greatest peak in his honour. A number of the citizens determined to erect a flag-staff on the loftiest pinnacle of the mountain. It was decided that two large British flags should be obtained which, by turns, are to be displayed from the summit of the peak. The purpose is to have one of these flags floating all the time. To resolve was to accomplish. This work was done by several intrepid persons. The rugged mountain was scaled, and a flag-staff was erected, to which was fixed a pulley and hal-yards. This difficult work was accomplished on the 5th of June, and on that same day the British flag floated proudly from the top of the staff. This staff is 65 feet high, so that the English colours waved in the wind at the dizzy elevation of 6,565 feet above tide level.

The boast has been made that the summit of Mount Roberts is the loftiest single point in North America from which the British flag has ever floated.

When the sad news flashed over the wires that Queen Victoria was no more, the British flag again waved to the breeze from the lofty staff on the

mountain's summit. It was appropriately displayed at half-mast.

On an air line the distance from the centre of Rossland to the summit must be about four miles. Yet, on a clear, bright day the staff can be seen, though dimly. When the flag was hoisted it could be very distinctly seen from any part of the city.

## CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

No. XXVII.—MR. L. O. DAVID.

FEW writers have done more to foster the love French-Canadians have for the literature of their country, and to accentuate their deep-seated affection for the land of their birth, than has Mr. L. O. David, of Montreal. The keynote to Mr. David's character (like that of Mr. Frechette's, the poet-laureate) is a ringing patriotism. In the vast Province of Quebec his name is almost a household word on account of a life's labours to make a unit of the race, of which he is one, in everything pertaining to French-Canadian manners and customs, and the perpetuating for all time of French Canada as it is to-day.

In the doctrines he has promulgated there has been no effort on Mr. David's part to lessen loyalty to the British Crown, just the reverse; but his contention, which has not wavered from youth, is that the best interests of United Canada lie in not seeking to take away the customs peculiar to the French of Lower Canada, and which have been perpetuated since the Louises ceased to rule over the destinies of the land. In other words, if a truly united people is to continue to develop the greatness of this country, and finally make it one of the great and noble nations of the earth, there must be no effort, either by French or English, to interfere with, or attempt to amalgamate traditions and customs historically dear to both. While equally united as to loyalty to the British Crown with the English-speaking peo-

ple of the other provinces, the author of this sketch, with eloquent pen, pleads and demands the continuance of all those customs of the French-Canadians which have brought them peace and contentment for generations. It must not be forgotten, however, that while having written so much to make French-Canadians a unit, Mr. David has laboured equally hard to incite them to emulate the English in matters pertaining to commerce and keen business enterprise.

Mr. David, who for several years past has been city clerk of Montreal, was born at Sault au Recollet, P.Q., in 1840. He is a son of the late Major Stanislaus David. After having been given a careful education at the college of St. Therese, Mr. David was called to the bar in 1864. While a student he assisted in founding *Le Colonisateur*, a paper to which he contributed many articles. Shortly after his admission to the bar he became the law partner of Messrs. Mousseau & Desbarats—a well-known law firm at that time.

In 1870, in conjunction with this firm, he founded another journal, *L'Opinion Publique*, an illustrated weekly. He was the editor-in-chief of the organ. Owing to the wit and brilliance of his articles the organ soon acquired a large circulation. Finally he retired from the position, as he would not agree to change his views as to the Canadian Pacific Transaction, which is too historical to need details here.

In 1874, while a partner with Mr. Beausoleil, M.P. (present postmaster of Montreal), Mr. David founded *Le Bien Public*, which had a most stormy existence. From almost the first number Mr. David began a vigorous crusade against the interference of the Catholic clergy in political elections. He also wrote fervid political articles. Finally the clergy and a political party succeeded in causing the publication to cease.

Some time after this he founded another paper, *La Tribune*. It, too, had a lively existence for a number of years. Mr. David commenced his political life as a Conservative, but left the party to join L'Union Nationale, an organization of young men pledged to oppose the Confederation of the Provinces. Later he became an adherent to the Liberal Party under the well-known leaders, Dorion, Holton and Laflamme, and was in full accord with their policy on all questions, save that of protection to industries, to which he has always been favourable. Mr. David unsuccessfully contested Hochelaga for the Legislature at the general elections in 1867 and 1875, and for the House of Commons at the general elections of 1878. In 1886, however, he was elected to the Legislature by Montreal East, defeating Attorney-General Taillon. He declined renomination in 1890, because he could not absolutely accept the policy of the

late Mr. Mercier. Since then he has remained out of public life.

While a member of the Legislature he was instrumental in introducing measures for the protection of the wages and the furniture of workmen, and for the reduction of law costs. In 1892 he was appointed city clerk of Montreal, which position he still holds.

Mr. David has written numerous volumes, and, as stated, has done much to foster the national spirit in the Province of Quebec.

His works include: "Biographies et Portraits," "Les Heros de Chateauguay," "Les Patriotes de 1837-38," "Mes Contemporains," "Les deux Papineau," "Le Clergy Canadien: sa mission et son œuvre." In the last mentioned work the author took strong grounds once more against the interference of certain of the Roman Catholic clergy in political matters. This book, though approved by many

eminent Catholic theologians in Rome and other countries, was nevertheless condemned by the Congregation of the Index at Rome. Mr. David has also written many magazine articles, contributes frequently to the daily press, and has delivered numerous lectures.

He is a member of the Royal Society of Canada. For a number of years Mr. David was president of the well-known St. Jean Baptiste Society in Montreal. It was after twelve years of determined effort, while connected



MR. L. O. DAVID—AGE 55



with this society, that he succeeded in raising funds for the now historical monument, Nationale Building on St. Lawrence street.

Since 1897 it may be said that Mr. David was offered the position of Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Territories. He was also offered, and refused, a judgeship. He has also refused, since this time, other positions which would have brought honour, but which would have deprived him of the spare hours so precious, and so necessary, to a literary man. In refusing the positions he publicly said that his love for literature and important literary works he was engaged upon, were the factors that prompted refusal.

Mr. David is now engaged upon a difficult work that has been engaging his attention for a long time—the second volume of “The History of Lower Canada Since Confederation.” It is expected this will be his most important and valuable work.

From boyhood Mr. David has been the bosom friend of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Their warm friendship still exists; it is known, indeed, that Mr. David enjoys the confidence of the statesman in a way which perhaps is unknown by any other man.

Writing of the literary works of Mr. David, Hon. Hector Fabre, a well-known French litterateur, said: “Mr.



MR. L. O. DAVID—AGE 35

David possesses literary talents of the greatest brilliancy. His style is charming, while his arguments are irresistible.” Still another writer says: “French Canada will ever be indebted to the literary labours of Mr. L. O. David, one of the truest patriots the country has produced.”

In manner Mr. David is retiring. He is perfectly unaffected, and his tastes are simple; while his sympathies are deep and warm, and his friendships lasting.

*F. Clifford Smith.*

#### A HEART CRY.

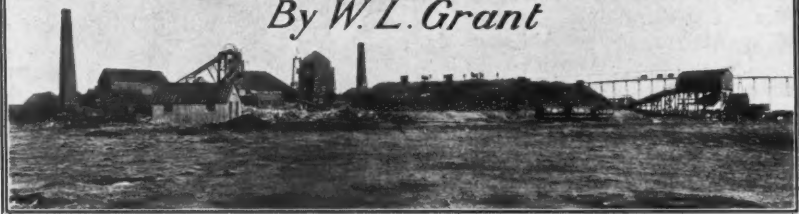
I LONG for love—a perfect love,  
That deathless, limitless might prove;  
That would my every fault condone—  
My every virtue more than own;  
For though I know my own poor heart is weak as  
weak can be,  
Yet I would die if one I love were ever false to me.

Forgive! why should I ask, and why  
Expect to gain for such as I  
The boon that I would feign withhold?  
Why Trust with untrue arms enfold?  
For though I know my troubled heart is weak as  
weak can be,  
Yet I would die if one I love were ever false to me.

*Frank Lawson.*

# CAPE BRETON PAST AND PRESENT

*By W. L. Grant*



A COAL SHAFT

IN the year of our Lord 1001, Leif, son of Eric the Red, set sail from Iceland, impelled by that fearless love for the sea, which is so distinguishing a characteristic of our Scandinavian ancestors, and discovered America. He sailed along the coast from Labrador to Nantucket; past bleak Helluland, "a land of no advantages," later known as Newfoundland, well-wooded Markland, the modern Cape Breton and Nova Scotia, and fertile Vineland, now the New England States.

It was fitting that the first sight of Greater Britain should be given to one of the daring viking brood, whose grim valour and undying love of adventure are still the heritage of our race; fit that first of Europeans, the fierce-eyed sea-rover, should behold the home of the sea-kings of the future. But for nearly five centuries the discovery of Leif lay unregarded; not till 1497 did John Cabot and his son Sebastian, sailing from Bristol with an ample commission from Henry VII, touch at Newfoundland, and then reach the mainland at Cape Breton. From this time its shore fisheries were recognized as of only less value than those of the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, and English, French, Spanish and Portuguese vied in the pursuit of the kingly cod. France and Spain took the lead in the race; Breton and Basque dotted the Atlantic with their sails, and Cape Breton was long known as Baccalaos,—Basque for cod-fish. Cortereal, a Portuguese, even tried to establish a slave trade, but perished at

the hands of the natives. No attempt at permanent settlement was made, the island being left to the Indians, a branch of the fierce Mic-Mac tribe, though Peter Martyr oddly says: "They are white people and very rustic," a description which in some parts of the island would be fitter to-day than then.

In 1654 Louis XIV of France granted Cape Breton to Nicholas Denys of Tours, Sieur de Fronsac, but the unhappy Denys soon found, like many another that, though no one had wanted it previously, hardly had he assumed possession when various rivals discovered that it was the very thing which they had long desired. Worn out with fighting and litigation he returned to France in 1672, and published a curious work, which gives much information of tolerable accuracy. The title of the first volume is: "Description Géographique et Historique des Costes de l'Amérique Septentrionale, avec l'Histoire Naturelle du Paris." Par Monsieur Denys, Gouverneur, Lieutenant-Général pour le Roy, et propriétaire de toutes les Terres et Isles qui sont depuis le Cap du Campseaux jusque au Cap des Rosiers. Tome I. A Paris, chez Louis Billaine, au second pillier de la Grand'Salle du Palais, à la Palme et au grand César. 1672. That of Vol. II. is equally elaborate. Though the English coal trade flourished in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and though Champlain had drawn a map of Cape Breton in 1612, Denys is the first to refer to the coal, though from the prominence with which even

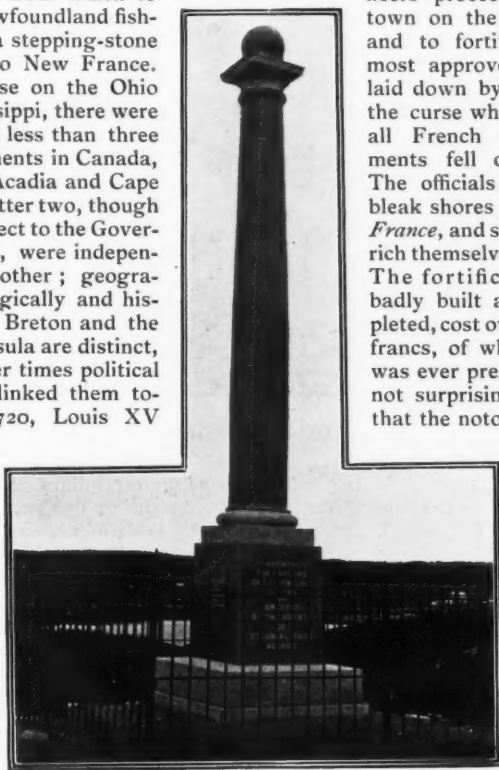
now it crops out upon the cliffs of the east coast from North Sydney to Morien Bay, we would have expected an earlier notice. From this time the outcrop was worked in an irregular manner by the French, and also by the New Englanders, as we learn from Sir Hoven-den Walker—a pompous fool who in 1711 led an abortive expedition against the French settlements. "The island," he says, "has always been used in common both by the English and French for loading coals, which are extraordinarily good here, and taken out of the cliffs by iron crow-bars only, and no other labour."

By the treaty of Utrecht in 1713 Ile Royale, as it was then called, passed into the hands of the French, and its value was at once recognized, both as a basis from which to protect the Newfoundland fisheries, and as a stepping-stone on the way to New France. As well as those on the Ohio and the Mississippi, there were at this time no less than three French settlements in Canada, New France, Acadia and Cape Breton. The latter two, though nominally subject to the Governor at Quebec, were independent of each other; geographically, geologically and historically Cape Breton and the Acadian peninsula are distinct, though in later times political accident has linked them together. In 1720, Louis XV proceeded to fortify a new town called after his own name.

The harbour of Louisbourg lies on the S.E. coast, about twenty-five miles as the crow flies from Sydney, with which it is at present

connected by a well-equipped railroad. The harbour runs from south-west to north-east; the mouth is rather less than a mile in width, but in the centre is an island, from which continuous reefs run to the S.E. shore, leaving an entrance of rather more than one-third of a mile. Even on a calm day the breakers thunder all along the coast, and surge round the little island, where the French had a battery. There is deep water right up to the entrance, and good anchorage within the harbour in from twenty-five to sixty feet of water. Fogs are frequent, and must have been a great source of annoyance in old times, though now powerful range lights prove to weary mariners that Governments are sometimes more powerful than nature. French engineers proceeded to build a town on the low S.E. side, and to fortify it upon the most approved principles as laid down by Vauban. But the curse which has lain on all French colonial settlements fell on Louisbourg. The officials sent out to its bleak shores pined for *la belle France*, and stayed only to enrich themselves by peculation. The fortifications, though badly built and never completed, cost over thirty million francs, of which no account was ever presented, which is not surprising when we find that the notorious Bigot was

for some years financial superintendent; Louis, who was no fool, in spite of his indolence, sent to enquire whether they were paving the streets with gold. Control was vested in a military governor, who was



CAPE BRETON—THE LOUISBOURG MONUMENT

perpetually at feud with the civil commissioner, save on the rare occasions when they joined in a raid on the public chest. Pichon, an amusing scoundrel, who came out as secretary to the Count de Raymond, the Governor, and who eked out a livelihood by selling his master's secrets to the English, has left in his *Lettres et Memoires* an interesting account of the island, together with a number of very sensible suggestions as to its improvement. The administration of justice was in his eyes especially lax; "there was not even a tormentor to rack criminals

waters after the flood, which is improbable.

In 1744 Shirley, Governor of Massachusetts, organized an expedition against the town, which set sail in the next year under Colonel Sir William Pepperell, who had once been a grocer and was now a country gentleman, and assisted by Commodore Warren, of the British navy, with a few ships of the line. It seemed a hare-brained prank. On the one hand the best equipped fortress in North America, with over one hundred guns, two formidable outworks with seventy more, and a garri-



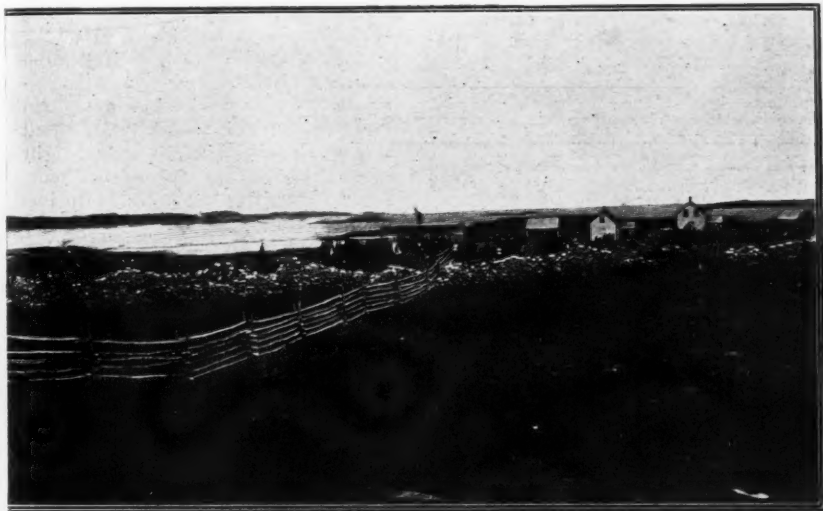
LOUISBOURG HARBOUR—LOUISBOURG IN DISTANCE—

or to inflict penal tortures." He tells us, as does also Cabot, of the presence of white bears in the island, which is possible, and that Louisbourg harbour is frozen over from November till June, or in a mild winter from Christmas till May, which is absurd, for in the specially severe winter of 1745 it was open on April 29th, and in modern times is never closed, save in very exceptional winters, when drift ice has been known to block the entrance for at most a fortnight. Another of his theories is that the Gut of Canso is due to the imperfect subsidence of the

son of 750 regulars and 1,500 well-trained militia; on the other 4,000 volunteers, most of whom had never seen a shot fired in anger, and who were practically destitute of siege artillery. But they were long-headed, resolute New Englanders, able to plan and to fight, and to endure hardships with good humour. Pepperell, brave, tactful and cheery, a New England Baden-Powell, was the ideal man for such an expedition. Without the slightest knowledge of war his native common sense led him to pursue exactly the same plan of operations which Amherst and Wolfe

adopted in the second siege. Duchambon, the French Governor, was an incompetent poltroon, worthy father of the Duchambon de Vergor, who in later years surrendered Beauséjour, and slept peacefully with his piquet while Wolfe scaled the Plains of Abraham. Waiting till the drift ice had cleared, Pepperell and Warren reached Louisbourg on April 29th, and forced a landing at Flat Point Cove in Gabarus Bay, without the loss of a man. Duchambon, in spite of repeated warnings, had taken no precautions, and late in the previous autumn had de-

was repulsed, and sixty men died in the bloody surf; but the trenches were pushed vigorously on, and on June 16th Louisbourg surrendered. The crafty New Englanders kept the French flag flying for some time, and by this ruse succeeded in capturing *Notre Dame de la Délivrance*, laden with cocoa, beneath which were found \$2,000,000 in Peruvian dollars, and rather more in gold and silver ingots. Curiously enough, the fall of Louisbourg proved fatal to the French East India Co., as it was the port at which their ships touched on their way to Canada, to



OLD TOWN AND OLD TOWN WALL IN FOREGROUND

clined reinforcements. On May 1st the French in a panic abandoned the Grand Battery, their most important outwork, and its cannon were turned upon the town. Still the difficulties were enormous. With tremendous labour the cheery Massachusetts men dragged cannon from Gabarus right across the marshes and around the harbour to Lighthouse Point, and erected a fascine battery. Thirty French cannon, sunk at Careening Cove, were raised and used for the same purpose. A fierce attack upon the Island Battery, led by Pepperell in person,

collect furs, of which they enjoyed a monopoly. (Richard Brown: "History of Cape Breton," an excellent work which well deserves reprinting.) Pepperell left a garrison, which held Louisbourg till 1748, when, to the disgust of New England, the indifference of the Home Government handed it back to the French, who were keenly alive to its importance. During the ensuing ten years, convict labour was employed in strengthening its defences; part of a huge black rock still remains behind which Warren's ships had found shelter, and which still bears the



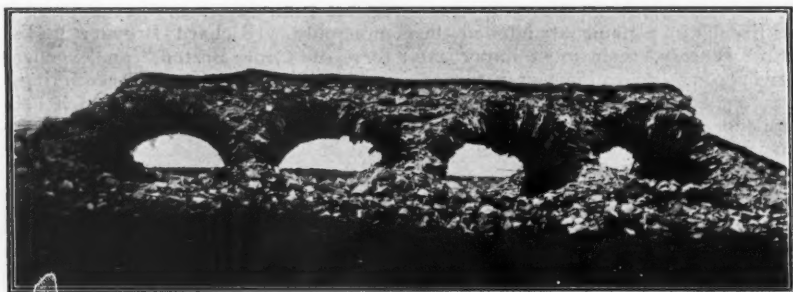


CHURCH AT SYDNEY MINES

marks of crowbars and of powder. The more celebrated siege by Amherst and Boscawen in '58 is less interesting, though twenty-two ships of the line, with the due complement of frigates, and over 12,000 troops in transports, made up a far more imposing force. The French had about 4,200 men, and a dozen ships. Practically the whole garrison came out to oppose the enemy, but the fiery Wolfe forced a landing where Pepperell had shown him the way, and the doom of Louisbourg was sealed. Drucour, the Commandant,

was no hero; he was not free from suspicion of dishonesty, and he had certainly winked at the ill-doing of others; but he was at least an officer and a gentleman, and aided by his noble wife, he defended his charge with a sprightly gallantry which won deserved applause from the assailants. Madame Drucour aimed and fired guns with her own hands, or stopped to give a kind word and a smile to the non-combatants and the wounded, who lay huddled in the low casements. But on July 27th Louisbourg was forced to surrender, though its determined resistance had compelled Wolfe to defer his attack on Quebec until the next year. Had the defenders fortified the high ground between Careening Cove and Light-house Point, or had the whole town been built there, where the ground slopes up from the sea to a height of one hundred and twenty-five feet, Louisbourg would have been impregnable.

Two years later, the town was dismantled, and the walls and glacis levelled into the ditch, everything of any value being carried away to Halifax; even the cut stone, brought from France, and built into the houses, was carried off. From that time till 1893, Louisbourg was an obscure fishing village, situated at the bottom of the harbour, about three miles from the old town; but in that year the Dominion Coal Company made it their winter port, and built piers; the newly formed Dominion Iron and Steel Com-



CAPE BRETON—OLD CASEMATE AT LOUISBOURG

pany intend to pursue a like course. In connection with the Sydney and Louisbourg Railway, and the Intercolonial, it is spoken of as a possible landing place for the British mails, and one of the most picturesque harbours in the world is regaining, on a larger scale and under more healthy conditions, its old importance. The old town still sleeps on, with its store of buried memories, and sailing over the clear still waters we can even to-day look down and see the fish darting among the sunken cannon. To-day, as we drive around the harbour from the new town, and pass the site of the

it before Pepperell came, but failed." Even more distressing was a gentleman who, standing on the ruined causeway to the citadel, declared that with his mind's-eye he could see "old Peppy" as if it were that morning. Little is to be seen, for the work of demolition was very thoroughly performed. Mr. Kennedy has with loving care sought out and identified the site of every building mentioned in the plans, but save for some bomb-proof casemates, nothing beside remains.

"There is not of that castle great  
Its drawbridge and portcullis weight,  
Stone, bar, moat, bridge, or barrier left."



CAPE BRETON—OLD BARRACKS AT SYDNEY

Grand Battery, a farmer is busy with his scythe where once a deadlier reaper plied his trade. At the entrance to the old town we are met by Mr. Kennedy, owner of the ground, who has long found both delight and profit in showing visitors over the site. On the highest point stands a monument erected in 1895 by the Society of Colonial Wars, to the American and French soldiers who fell in the first siege. This has drawn a number of American tourists to Louisbourg, and their comments are sometimes amusing. "Wolfe," said a quiet, well-dressed man to his wife: "Why, my dear, don't you know? Wolfe tried to take

Thousands of daisies grow where once was the Grand Parade, and on the burying ground where sleep those of Pepperell's garrison who died in the awful winter that succeeded the siege. I enquired of Mr. Kennedy whether he had seen any ghosts, but though he declared that he had been in the graveyard at all hours of the night, no vision from the past had ever been vouchsafed to him. Pressed hard, he admitted that "hollerin's had been heard on Guillotine Hill," but never by himself.

Under British rule Cape Breton passed into a long oblivion. In 1774 its population consisted of 1,011 whites

and 230 Indians; in 1801 the inhabitants numbered 2,513. In 1820, much against its will, it was annexed to Nova Scotia by a simple Order-in-Council, and an end was put to the continual squabbles between the Governor and his local Council, which had disgraced every administration. Save perhaps Newfoundland, Cape Breton is still cursed with more politics to the square yard than any other country upon the globe. When it was an independent province, the strife of the Kilkenny cats was peaceful compared to the normal state of affairs. "They are a lawless rabble, and often interrupted the chief

own dear Highlands. Terrible were the hardships they endured. Save in the S.E. corner, there was not a waggon-road from Canso to Cape North. Many a man now living has tramped twenty miles with a bag of potatoes or of flour on his back. Doctors, teachers, ministers, all were lacking. Few of those who came in the slow-sailing emigrant-ships had been farmers in the old land; fishing and cattle grazing had been their occupations, but after the first shock of surprise they buckled to with the grim hardihood of their race. Their descendants still constitute practically the



CAPE BRETON—GEORGES RIVER

magistrate in the discharge of his duty," says the Governor in 1774.

In the year 1800 began the immigration of Highlanders, chiefly from the island districts of Argyleshire and Inverness, which has made Cape Breton the most Scotch part of Canada, not even excepting Zorra or Glengarry. Some had already settled in Nova Scotia, chiefly Roman Catholic Jacobites; when between 1800 and 1829 the Highland peasantry were driven from their homes to make room for sheep or deer, at least 25,000 came to Cape Breton, finding in its hills and lakes a scenery closely resembling, save for the absence of peat and of heather, that of their

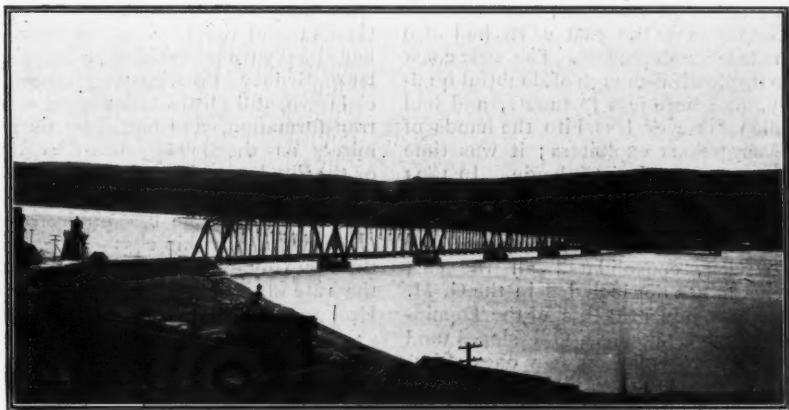
whole population of the island, and here and there an old man or woman may still be found who on occasion can tell stories that conduce to thoughtfulness. About three-fifths are Roman Catholic, the rest Presbyterian. Too high praise cannot be given, too much importance cannot be attached, to the labours of their clergy, whether Catholic priest or Protestant minister. Poor men, comparatively unlearned, lived lives of patient heroism that put to shame their sleeker brethren of the city. The Highlander craves a leader, and he found him in Father Donald or in the Reverend Malcolm. Holding fast to their own Church, yet with a wise

tolerance for their brothers, Protestant and Catholic have lived in amity. In the county of ——— four candidates were running for the local Legislature—two Liberals, two Conservatives, in each pair a Roman Catholic and a Protestant; only two could be elected. Father Kenneth drove to the poll. "I do not know how you will vote," he said, turning to the crowd, for it was in the old days of open voting, "but as for me, I plump for ———," and he named a prominent Presbyterian elder.

"Do you have any religious fights?" I asked once. "There is plenty of fighting at the weddings," was the

ly: "Whan Sandy Cameron is dune wi' teeklin' Jean MacPherson, the service o' God will proceed." Alas! poor Sandy and Jean. They, like their stern reprover, are church-yard mould long since, and this little story is all that remains to tell us that they too, like ourselves, once lived and loved and courted in their simple fashion, and were very human, and then—went along the same path as Numa and Ancus. Are there many of us who shall leave even so frail a memorial?

In 1827 the General Mining Association, an English company, assumed control of all the mineral rights in



CAPE BRETON—I. C. R. BRIDGE OVER THE GRAND NARROWS OF BRAS D'OR

reply, "but often I've seen a Presbyterian and a Catholic fight, and another Presbyterian coming up to help the Catholic." The pay of the clergy was poor, often in arrears, and usually paid chiefly in farm produce. A minister, now dead, was paid eight dollars in six months; on his way home from the treasurer he gave one-half to a starving beggar. The control of such men over their people was of course absolute, and sometimes went to rather whimsical lengths. Personal exhortations from the pulpit were frequent. It was one of this stamp who stopped in the middle of his discourse, and, amid the awed hush that ensued, said slow-

Cape Breton and Nova Scotia, which George IV had previously granted to the Duke of York. This company held a monopoly of the Cape Breton coal trade till 1858, when their charter was amended, so that while holding the North Sydney portion of the Eastern coal field, all others are as it were resumed by the Legislature, and were leased to a number of companies which at once sprang up, and of which several proved permanent. The breaking-off of the Reciprocity Treaty by the United States proved fatal to many, but the G.M.A. weathered the storm, and gradually built up a profitable trade with Montreal.

In 1893 began the first of those great industrial enterprises which seem destined to revolutionize the history of Cape Breton, to lead her forth once more, under happier guidance, if in a less romantic guise, upon the stage of universal history, and to load "the long wharf of North America," as the island has been aptly called, with the products of every clime. One of the chief qualities of a great city or district is to act as a distributing centre. The map shows how well-fitted Cape Breton is for such a purpose, and now that capable and energetic hands have laid hold on her resources, she has much to give in return. The G. M. A. had proved the excellence of her coal, and the other companies on the east coast had also made large shipments. The west coast coal, plentiful though of doubtful quality, had been less fortunate, and had fallen more or less into the hands of unscrupulous exploiters; it was time for centralization to begin. In 1893 Mr. H. M. Whitney, of Boston, keen, cultured, kindly, a man with a reputation to lose, the best type of American capitalist, consolidated all the east coast mines not included in the G. M. A. areas, under the title of the Dominion Coal Company. Old slopes and shafts were enlarged, new ones of immense capacity dug, and more modern machinery introduced. The production has increased from 842,870 tons in 1892 to more than three times that amount; the miners are better housed, better fed, better looked after in every way. In August, 1900, the Nova Scotia Steel Company acquired for \$1,500,000 the G. M. A. property, has begun to build coke-ovens and to equip a large steel-producing plant.

At Cow Bay an energetic and wealthy English syndicate, the Gowrie and Blockhouse Coal Co. are working, with the latest machinery, and under capable

management, large submarine areas; on the west coast Mackenzie and Mann, and other reputable companies, have acquired extensive rights. The former firm is under contract with the Government to have in running order before next July a colliery capable of producing 250,000 tons per year.

As yet the greatest enterprise, and the only one which ranks with the great world companies of Great Britain and the United States, is the Dominion Iron and Steel Co. at Sydney, the last and greatest benefit which Mr. Whitney has conferred on Cape Breton, on Canada, and on himself. Founded in 1899 with a capital of \$20,000,000, and with many of the great capitalists of Canada and the U. S. at its back, it has already transformed the quiet hamlet of Sydney into a pushing commercial town, still a little dazzled by its own transformation, and hailed by its admirers as the Belfast, the Glasgow, or the Pittsburgh of the North. In July, '99, the first sod was turned; in October of 1900 the first pig-iron was produced, and within eighteen months the company expect to produce steel at the rate of 300,000 tons per annum. Dreamers talk of Sydney as the future ship-building yard of Canada, of Louisbourg or North Sydney as the terminus of a fast Atlantic service, of collieries and of iron-mines on the west coast to equal the coal of Sydney and the iron of Newfoundland. Dreamers they may be, but the dreams of one age are the facts of the next. With her sturdy population, full of the old Highland daring and piety, her mineral resources, and her long line of splendid harbours fronting the Old World and stretching out far towards it, well may the island dream of greatness, and hope not without reason to be a worthy partner in one of the great nations of the future.

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## HUMMING BIRDS OF ONTARIO.

THE RUBY THROAT.—WITH DRAWING BY THE AUTHOR.

*By C. W. Nash.*

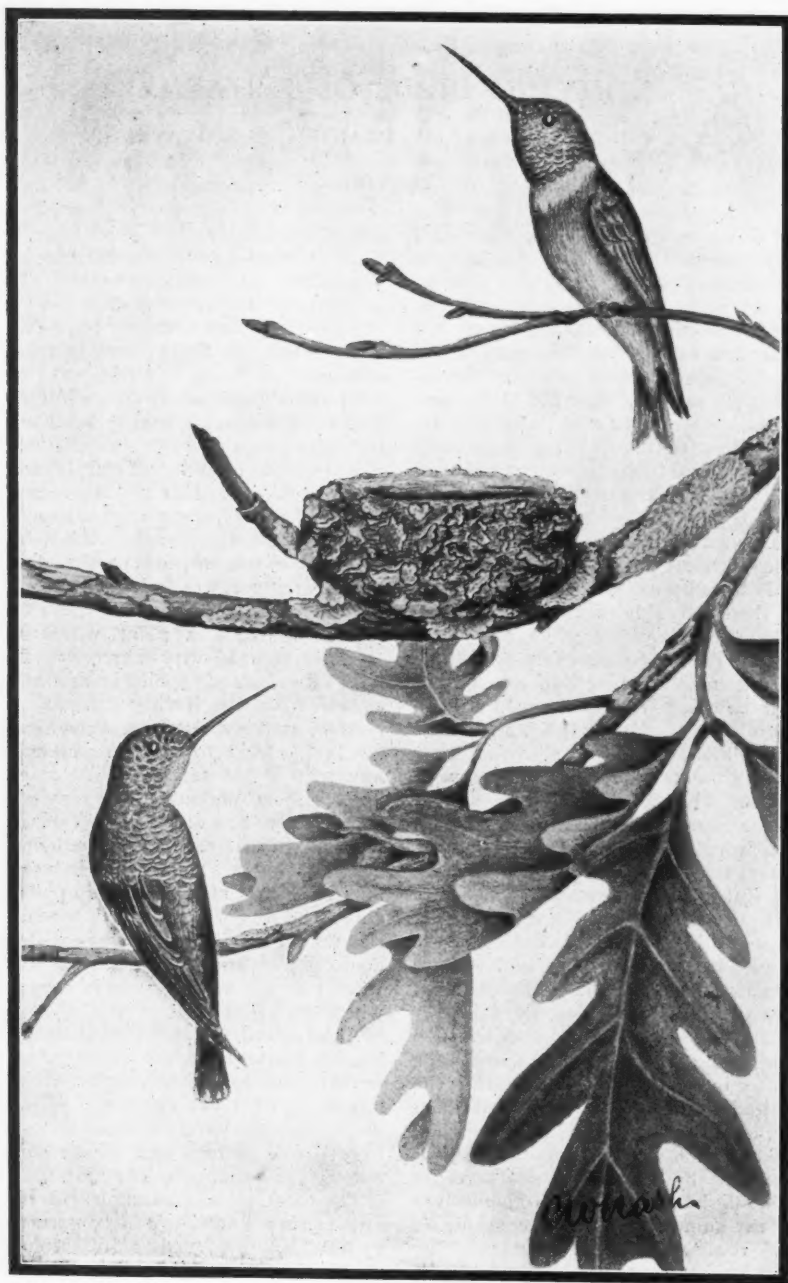
THE average Britisher, who only knows Canada as "Our Lady of the Snows," generally expresses some surprise when informed that this country is the summer home of one of the most interesting of the humming birds. He has been taught to associate perpetual sunshine, many flowers and humming birds together, and he cannot believe that such a combination of pleasant and beautiful things can ever be found in a country where the seasons are divided as ours are. Within the past few years, some British illusions with regard to the climate of Canada have been dispelled and the people on the other side of the Atlantic are slowly learning that while we have a winter season once every year, we have a summer also; and that during that summer we are blessed with an abundance of flowers, fruit and birds, as well as our share of all the other good gifts of nature that people prize most highly.

The general idea that humming birds and flowers are closely associated together is correct, and so we do not see the Ruby Throat, our representative of this purely American family of birds, until the time for the blossoming of the flowers has come. This, in Southern Ontario, is about the tenth of May. The distances traversed by this tiny creature in its migrations twice each year are astonishing; it spends the winter in South America, entering the United States on its northward journey about the end of March. When this stage is reached, some of them, attracted by favourable spots, cease their flight and establish themselves for the summer. Others continue on their route and do not stop until they have almost reached the shores of the Arctic sea. Thus the species may be

found breeding at any point from the Gulf of Mexico to the northern limit of Manitoba. I am inclined to think their migrations are performed entirely in the daytime, for I certainly have every year noted the flight both in spring and autumn, made at all hours of the day, and I know of no record of any bird of this species having been seen moving at night.

The great majority of our birds of passage when migrating associate in flocks or parties, not always composed of birds of one species; and when flying, they as a rule avoid crossing large bodies of water, preferring, in the case of our lakes, to skirt along the shore until they reach a point where the water-stretch is very narrow. The bold little humming bird is not at all concerned about having company on its trip, and invariably travels alone, nor is it afraid to cross our lakes at any point in fair weather. The majority of them undoubtedly follow the shore line to one of the usual crossing places, but a great many strike out across the open water of Lake Ontario and flying low make for the opposite shore at a rate of speed which soon carries them over. This I have seen them do quite frequently, both in the spring when they are arriving and in autumn when leaving us.

Although the Ruby Throat is well known throughout the country, and probably to every man who ever had a flower-garden; yet but very few people have seen its nest, and fewer still have been able to watch a pair when rearing their young. The nest is one of the most perfect examples of bird architecture known; it is constructed entirely by the female alone, though the male seems to take a good deal of interest in the progress of the work.



DRAWN BY C. W. NASH

HUMMING BIRDS—THE RUBY THROAT

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He constantly hovers about his little mate while she is gathering the necessary material and putting it in place. He chirps and twitters out his suggestions as to how things should be done; but to all these suggestions she appears to be quite indifferent. While building operations are going on and so long as the nest is occupied, Mr. Ruby Throat guards the tree in which it is placed with the most jealous care and will permit no intruders to rest upon its branches for a moment. The sudden onslaught made by the little fury on such occasions is too much for any bird; even the tyrannical Kingbird gives way before it and ignominiously retreats shrieking his disgust at having the tables turned upon him by an antagonist which is too small and too quick for him either to resist or avoid.

The nest is usually saddled upon the horizontal branch of a tree not often more than ten or twelve feet from the ground. Orchard, lawn trees, and trees growing in pasture fields are usually preferred by the Ruby Throats for their nesting-place. I have only once seen them occupy a tree in the bush, and this one was at the outside edge and open to the sunlight. The nest is composed of the very finest and softest plant down, beautifully and closely fitted together. On the outside of this pieces of grey lichen are plentifully sprinkled, so that when completed the structure so perfectly harmonizes with its surroundings that unless the bird is seen to leave it, or fly into it, the closest observer would overlook it, or mistake it for a bunch of lichen growing naturally on the tree. The branch selected is generally more or less covered with mosses and lichens of the same colour as those worked over the nest.

Conscious that their small size and extreme quickness is a sufficient protection against all natural enemies, the Ruby Throats never affect any sort of concealment themselves; when they wish to rest they perch out openly upon some leafless twig, and there sit calmly preening themselves, or gazing about them with an air of quiet independence

which is very amusing in so small a creature. At such times the little male will utter his peculiar twittering song, which possibly has some charms for his little sitting mate, or at any rate serves to let her know that he is on guard and will not permit her to be molested by anything that he can drive away. Two pure white eggs are laid, which in about ten days are hatched, and in about a week afterwards the young leave the nest. I am inclined to think that the young while they are in the nest, and for some time afterwards are fed by the female only, for I have never yet been able to see the male do so, and I have noticed that before the young left the nest the male had disappeared and was no more seen.

All our small birds feed their young by carrying to them food in their beaks and placing it in the mouths of the nestlings. Humming birds adopt a different plan. The female gathers up the food and swallows it, and then regurgitates it into the throats of her little ones, in the same manner as the pigeons. There is a general impression that humming birds visit the flowers for the purpose of extracting honey from them, and that this constitutes their sole food. No doubt they do obtain some honey in this way, but that it constitutes an important part of their diet is doubtful. I have examined a great many during the last thirty years and have invariably found that the birds had been feeding upon small insects, with which their stomachs were filled. A small amount of honey was generally present, and was, I believe, intentionally taken. The birds show a fondness for sweet fluids other than honey, when they are obtainable; they often drink sap when it runs from the maple and the birch in the early spring. At this season flowers are scarce. The birds also hover up and down trunks of large pines and dead trees searching the crevices of the bark, in which many insects are sheltered. Here they find the essential part of their food, that upon which their existence really depends.

About the middle of August vast numbers of Ruby Throats in the immature plumage appear in the Province of Ontario. Where they come from is a mystery, for their number is out of all proportion to those which pass through in the spring. They arrive here just when the Water Balsam (*Impatiens fulva*) is in full blossom. This plant grows most luxuriantly in the rich black loam at the bottom of small ravines, through which a spring stream works its winding way. It bears a curiously shaped orange flower, thickly spotted with reddish brown, and is sometimes known by the name of "Touch-me-not," because if touched when ripe, the seed pods will burst suddenly with a slight snapping noise. About these flowers the humming birds hover incessantly, probing them with their needle-like beaks and extracting from them the small insects which harbour there. A visit to one of these ravines in the height of the season, which is from about the fifteenth of August to the end of the first week in September, affords a splendid opportunity for observing the ways of the Ruby Throat. They dart from flower to flower in their erratic fashion, or more methodically search the alder and willow bushes for their minute prey. Although a considerable number of these birds may frequent the same ravine for a time, they act quite independently of each other. Their pugnacity is so great that no two ever meet at the same bush without a battle at once taking place. The two little spittingfires rise together in the air and thrust at each other with their sharp beaks until one or both tire, when they separate and resume feeding at a respectful distance apart, ready, however, to engage in a fresh quarrel at the first opportunity.

The Ruby Throats "at home" do not display any great fear of people. They are always alert and watchful, but if not alarmed by sudden movements they will permit a near approach. If taken in hand, however, or very suddenly alarmed, they are liable to be seized with a sort of fainting

fit, during which they appear for a short time to be quite dead. The faint soon passes off and they become as lively as ever. A curious instance of this happened a few years ago in my own house. One afternoon I entered the room which is appropriated to my own particular belongings, and there found a female humming bird flying quietly around the walls, evidently looking for spiders, of which they are very fond. I closed the window and sat down to see what would happen. The little bird did not seem in the least alarmed at my presence, and at times alighted on a fishing-rod that was extended along the wall above the window. From this it would every little while go on a tour around the room and then return to its perch. I left it there alone until just before dark, when I again looked in and found the Ruby Throat had gone to roost upon the fishing-rod, and was resting there puffed out as comfortably as possible. Some time in the evening a visitor called, and the presence of the humming bird in the house was mentioned. Of course our friend wished to see the little creature at roost, so I at once picked up the lamp, and went to the room where it was. As soon as we entered the bird uttered a most pitiful chirp, and without the least flutter or motion of its wings fell from its perch heavily to the floor. I at once picked it up, but it seemed to be quite dead, and for some minutes I held its apparently lifeless body on the palm of my hand, when presently one of our party noticed a slight palpitation. This rapidly increased, and soon the little thing had perfectly recovered. I then replaced it on its perch on the fishing-rod, where it remained all night, and in the morning when I released it the bird seemed to be as strong as it ever was.

If unmolested, humming birds will return year after year to the same nesting place, and many instances are on record of familiar relations being established between the Ruby Throats and people who took a kindly interest in them. A little care and caution in

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making the first advances towards a friendship with any of our wild creatures is all that is necessary. After they have once found out that no harm is meant to them their confidence rapidly increases.

An example of this is contained in the following letter from a Canadian living in Worcester, Mass.:

About three years ago Mr. Brusio, a druggist, had in his possession a humming bird so tame that it delighted to take its food from Mr. Brusio's hands and would fearlessly sip from the soda glasses in the hands of the druggist's customers. Nearly every morning for many weeks I carried flowers in my hands to the drugstore for the delightful experience of watching the tiny mite plunge its bill into the flowers for its early morning meal. This little specimen of animated nature remained in the store from the middle of May until the latter part of November following, when it disappeared. Hundreds had been to see it, and its fame had travelled far and wide.

Each succeeding season Mr. Brusio tried to fill the place of his lost pet, but with indifferent success. The birds he caught either killed themselves in attempting to fly through the plate-glass windows or by jamming themselves into some out-of-the-way corner of the store.

This season, however, his efforts to tame an exceedingly beautiful little humming bird were crowned with gratifying success. The process of taming occupied but two hours, after which short training the hummer would quickly respond to the master's chirp, alight on his outstretched finger, balance himself as before a flower, then would quickly dart to his perch—a gas fixture over the soda fountain. In another instant he would fly back

and repeat the act with all the playfulness of a child. Mr. Brusio kept his food (dissolved rock crystal candy) in a phial, from which Pet (that is the name given to each bird in turn) would sip his fill, and then perch upon the edge of the bottle. In doing this the syrup would clog Pet's feet and amusing results followed. By an extra effort the feet would be pulled away only to be more firmly fixed upon the gaspipe perch over the fountain, where Pet would exhaust his strength in his endeavours to be free. Then Mr. Brusio would go to the rescue, and after carefully sponging the little feet of their stickiness would hold Pet in his hands until he was completely rested. This only occurred a few times before Pet understood cause and effect, and thereafter food was taken "on the wing" from that source.

Mr. Brusio goes early to his store mornings to read the paper. But Pet was always alert. As soon as seated with his paper Pet would commence his demonstrations for notice, and would say as plainly as a child: "Please put down your paper and tend to me. I'm hungry!" This would be done by a series of flights close to Mr. Brusio's eyes. If this was unnoticed Pet would alight on the paper and peck at it until his wants were attended to, when he would fly to the ceiling and catch imaginary flies and spiders (for he was fond of both and occasionally had an opportunity of indulging the seemingly savage taste), dart about the store and by his master's ears, seemingly greatly enjoying the fun, particularly when Mr. Brusio would seem startled and jump.

Mr. Brusio thinks that the first and the last of his pets were young birds and that the others were too old to tame. He would like to know if any others have had experience with taming humming birds.

J. H. W.

July, 1901.

## TO TIME.

O TIME, be merciful, be kind as Death!  
 When the young yearnings burn in faded eyes,  
 Or the young heart makes quick the aged breath,  
 Or the young zeal starts in decrepit guise;  
 Or young ambition raves in senile brains,  
 Or young love wakes when beauty withereth,  
 Or young hopes bud in the autumnal rains,  
 O Time, we cry, be merciful as Death!

*Ethelwyn Wetherald.*



## AN EARLY CANADIAN STATESMAN.

BEING THE STORY OF THE HON. RICHARD CARTWRIGHT.\*

*By Professor Adam Shortt.*

IN the history of British colonial expansion, and the growth of Britain's unique capacity for successfully planting and developing dependent states, by far the most significant epoch is that of the American Revolution. Through that crisis Britain first attained to a serious sense of responsibility in the management of her colonies. The experience so vividly and so painfully gained laid the foundation for her future principles of colonial administration.

The older provinces of our Dominion remained as a field upon which to experiment with these new ideas, and from which to derive, as the results of those experiments, other ideas equally essential to her future success. Much was to be learned also, both in things to be followed and things to be avoided, from a study of her late colonies in their independent development, and in their influence upon her remaining North American possessions.

This experience was of the greatest value in establishing and administering such later colonies as Australia, New Zealand and Cape Colony, and, indirectly, even in the administration of India.

But no less important has been the effect upon Britain herself. Much of her modern liberty and breadth of view, her social, political and economic reforms, can be traced, directly or indirectly, to the effect of the American Revolution in rousing the country from its insular self-complacency. Thereafter, the country was gradually drawn out of its shell, and its most capable statesmen were stimulated to take a

far broader and more sympathetic view of British interests. This is made manifest in the study of the lives and times of the men who have had most to do with the broadening and deepening of the stream of British national life—men like Chatham, Burke, Shelburne, Fox, Pitt, Canning, Huskisson, Peel, not to mention later names. We find such men to have been greatly influenced by ideas obtained by viewing their country not merely from within, or from the point of view of international jealousy and antagonism, but in the light of its larger relations of sympathy and common interest, due to colonial development and American experience. And in this connection it is to be observed that Britain has always looked upon the United States in a different light from that in which she has regarded other nations.

This general position I do not propose to trace further. At present I desire merely to sketch one among many concrete phases of the new experience which has aided Britain in attaining to that success in colonial administration which is the envy and despair of other nations.

My concrete example is connected with the life and character of a Canadian statesman, who, passing through the American Revolution on the British side, had much to do with determining the character of the new experiments to be made in Canada. Several threatened mistakes he succeeded in preventing, many others he managed to check, but more often he had to remain content with pointing them out, and entering a protest against them.

\* The more specific sources for this sketch are the manuscript Journals and Letter Books of the Hon. Richard Cartwright, from which a small volume was selected and published in 1876 under the title of "Life and Letters of the late Hon. Richard Cartwright, Edited by Rev. C. E. Cartwright." Also the voluminous State Papers of the period as contained in the Canadian Archives, Ottawa.

In most of his criticisms, as subsequent events proved, he was singularly alive to the inner meaning and future significance of the events that were taking place around him.

Richard Cartwright was born in 1759 at Albany, in the colony of New York. His father came from England, and his mother belonged to one of the old Dutch families of the colony. His parents having both the means and the inclination, he received an exceptionally good education. Looking forward to entering the Church, he was already deeply engrossed in the studies preparatory to that profession when the war of the Revolution broke out and changed the whole current of his life. Not yet twenty years of age, absorbed in other thoughts, and not in a position to be much influenced by the agitations of the time, he seems to have given little or no attention to the questions in dispute between Britain and her colonies. As in the case of a great many others in that crisis, being forced to take a side, his decision was not the result of any deliberate study of the points at issue, but was determined in advance by his associations and connections. Taking the side of the Loyalists, he adhered faithfully to it throughout, and yet the light of reason was not obscured, or the freedom of judgment curtailed by party prejudice. Neither during the conflict nor afterwards, did he show any tendency to regard his choice as mistaken; yet he was thoroughly alive to the numerous mistakes and excesses of both sides, and in his judgments on them was as free from indulgent justification of the one, as from bitter reproaches for the other.

It was doubtless impossible for one of his youth at the time of the struggle, or of his position afterwards to recognize the ultimate significance of that crisis. He did not foresee the remarkable century of progress for the Anglo-Saxon race which was about to be entered upon, and which was to bring a triumphant justification for the principles of the opposing and successful party. Yet, no man in his own field of action made greater or more en-

lightened efforts to place his country in the line of that future development.

Thus, while not, so far as I have discovered, expressing any sympathy with the leaders of the American Revolution or their illustrious sympathizers in Britain, yet by the independent and progressive course which he adopted in Canada, he followed unconsciously in their footsteps, incurring thereby the suspicion and antagonism at once of a short-sighted and visionary Government, and of narrow-minded radicals.

A youth still in his teens, he came to Canada with his parents, who seem to have settled for a time in the neighbourhood of Niagara.\* During two campaigns he accompanied Col. Butler of the Queen's Rangers as his secretary. In that position, a youth of nineteen or twenty, he gave evidence of his fidelity to duty, of the broadness of his mind, and the impartiality of his judgment. His journals during these campaigns afford most interesting reading.

He had no delusions as to the nature of the Indian war that was carried on upon the frontiers of the American colonies. Unfortunately for Britain's reputation she had the Indians for her allies during this war. All those reproaches which she had formerly directed against France for using that terrible scourge upon the frontiers of her colonies now became hers, since she had, in the conquest of Canada, fallen heir to the whole Indian alliance. People who had been partly plundered by the Americans as supporters of the British were afterwards robbed of what little was left by the Indian allies of the British, and their women and children carried off to be subjected to nameless tortures. Officers like Butler did what they could to lessen the horrors of the Indian methods of warfare. But, though they had discovered means for raising this demon they had but very limited control over its activities. The Indian atrocities, on the other hand, so outraged every human feeling of the colonists, and so seared their very souls, that only death itself could obliterate from their spirits the hatred

which they had conceived for those who were the instruments of turning this scourge upon their defenceless farms and villages.

Speaking of a party of Mohawks setting out from the camp on one of these harrying expeditions, Cartwright says:—"As a citizen of the world, divested of all undue partiality and attachment to my particular party or society, I can consider these small parties of Indians going out on the frontiers only as so many bands of lurking assassins seeking an opportunity to destroy the peaceful and industrious inhabitants, and ready to glut their cruelty alike with the blood of friend or foe, without distinction of sex or age. There are but too many instances, which would be shocking to repeat, which evince this to be a just estimation of them. Though much pains has been taken, it is impossible to bring them to leave women and children unmolested, and as for the rest, it must be expected that they will regard all white people alike, and if they can but bring off a prisoner or a scalp it is all one to them."

As to the general result of the combined Indian and Ranger warfare on the frontiers he has this to say:—"In taking a view of the Indian war it is certain that it has very much distressed the rebels, by destroying some of their best settlements, drawing off vast quantities of their cattle, and obliging them to leave the greatest part of their frontiers from Canada to Virginia uncultivated, besides laying them under the necessity of keeping several thousand men embodied merely to oppose the Indians. But the expenses of carrying it on have hitherto, at least, been fully adequate to these advantages. The cruelties that have attended it and been exercised indiscriminately on friend and foe, without distinction of sex or age, when seriously considered, must make it to be regarded with general abhorrence."

When peace was restored, owing to his having been connected with Butler's Rangers he dared not return to his native State, as did others of the

Loyalists who settled down to become worthy citizens of the new Republic, and a very valuable conservative element as a check upon much that tended to extravagant democracy.

He and his parents settled at Kingston, where he entered into partnership with Robert Hamilton, another gentleman of liberal mind, and began a very successful commercial career. Being engaged in the forwarding business, among others, and having large connections with the Montreal merchants interested in the fur trade of the West and North-West, they found it necessary to undertake, in addition to the transshipping at Kingston, that at Niagara also for the upper lakes. After a time, by mutual agreement they dissolved partnership and divided the field between them, Mr. Hamilton going to Niagara, and Mr. Cartwright remaining at Kingston. They continued to be the best of friends, and to maintain intimate business relations. They shared each other's views on political matters, and stood together in many an unpleasant as well as to them unprofitable encounter with the governing powers, in support of what they believed to be for the best interests of the country; and history has amply vindicated most of their contentions.

Owing to his abilities and position in the country, Mr. Cartwright was naturally selected as one of the earliest magistrates and judges in the new Loyalist settlements. As the greater part of the local administration of these settlements fell within the sphere of magistrates' duties, he was associated with the government of the Province from its infancy.

One of the first public questions of importance which faced the new settlers was that of the legal system of the country, affecting very deeply as it did the social, economic and political relations of the people. The new districts being part of the Province of Quebec in virtue of the Quebec Act came within the jurisdiction of French-Canadian law and custom which were expressions of old French feudalism. This affected at once the tenure of their

lands, the laws of property and inheritance, and rendered them liable to interferences on the part of the Crown compared with which the rights claimed by Britain over her former colonies were mild indeed. The British element in Canada had never ceased, from the time of the passing of the Quebec Act, to protest and petition against this imposition upon British subjects, and when the Loyalists were added to the country the agitation received a fresh impulse. The Government, however, was loath to yield. It was plainly suspicious of these renewed clamours for freedom on the part of the Loyalists, about the sincerity of whose attachment the Government was always more or less sceptical. Believing that the late colonies had been lost because of the freedom which they had been permitted to enjoy, it was the official conviction that the British system of self-government was not suited for colonial dependencies. Hence they were at first inclined to maintain the French system throughout Canada. But, perceiving that this was likely to lead to trouble, wiser counsels prevailed, and though restrictions were still applied yet they took another form. The details of the discussion at the time between the Home Government and the Colonial Government, and between the Colonial Government and the people, are full of interest both as regards the subject at issue, and for the future.

Mr. Cartwright, as one of the magistrates, and a natural leader in the new settlements, took a prominent part in these discussions, standing patiently but firmly for liberty. He had much to do with the petitions that were sent in from his district, and some of them he personally drew up. Among the latter is a letter from the magistrates in this neighbourhood, in 1787, addressed to Sir John Johnson, who was head of the Indian Department and had a general supervision over the western settlements. This is a very comprehensive document, setting forth the various needs of the new districts. The magistrates first emphasize the hardships

of the British settlers in having to submit to the feudal land tenure, with all that it involved. Next they desire an enlargement of their powers in order that they may be able to deal with a larger range of cases, instead of having to appeal to Montreal in all important matters. Next they petition for some form of municipal organization, such as they had been familiar with in the American colonies. This would enable them to deal with such matters as the opening of roads and providing for the poor. Attention is next directed to matters of trade, and the Government is asked to appoint inspectors of such products as the people may be able to export, in order that it may not be in the power of individuals to bring the produce of the settlements into disrepute. They suggest bounties on hemp and potash, such as they had been accustomed to in the American colonies. They desire that the Government should purchase from the settlers such grain, or other stores as they may be able to furnish, for the supply of the troops at the various western posts. It is asked that Cataraqui (Kingston) instead of Carleton Island be the headquarters of the Naval Department and stores. They petition for assistance towards making provision for clergymen and schoolmasters, at places most convenient for the inhabitants. They also ask that the passive Loyalist element, which remained in the United States, be permitted to come to Canada, and that both they and those already here may be permitted to bring in what possessions they have there, all such being now prohibited. And finally, they venture to hope that it may not be impossible to have English laws and the English form of government introduced into the country, as these would greatly increase its welfare and prosperity. This is much the most comprehensive, and yet practicable, of the petitions sent in from the new settlements at this period.

Mr. Cartwright's interest in religion and education was very great. He was anxious that schools should be

established at once in every inhabited district. In addition to urging the matter on the Government, in company with his fellow-magistrates, he sends in 1789 a special letter to Mr. Collins, who was in charge of the land surveys in the district, asking him to bring before the Governor the necessity for setting apart some land for the support of schools, and suggesting some of the islands opposite Kingston as likely to have most immediate value and as not yet appropriated.

In reply to this and the joint petitions there came from Lord Dorchester's secretary a Government scheme quite characteristic of the time. It is, that the Government has arranged for the allotment of glebes for the support of persons who will be clergymen and schoolmasters combined. If the settlers will help to clear these lands, so that the joint ministers and schoolmasters could make a living off them, they would be sure to attract good men of fine character for these positions. Thus we have before us the vision of men of piety and learning set down in a hole in the forest and expected to minister to the souls and develop the intellects of the settlers and their children, while in their leisure moments they make a living for themselves by cultivating their glebes.

Messrs. Cartwright and McLean, on behalf of the magistrates, made a respectful reply, in which they say that while they will do the best they can as instructed, yet they are not at all sanguine of success. The people are hard to move; and another great difficulty arises from the fact that a majority of the inhabitants are not of the Established Church, and hence do not believe in working for its interests alone. Thus do they avoid the necessity of criticising the scheme.

However, this question of a single Episcopal Church Establishment for the whole of Protestant Canada, raised no end of difficulty in the young colony. It was one of the convictions of the official mind in Britain, that in addition to having had too much liberty the American colonies had been lost

because of there being no aristocracy or established hierarchy in them. The cry "No Bishop, no King" was once more raised. In the new Act for the Government of Canada, which was then preparing, while conceding popular assemblies and English law in the Upper Province at least, the Government made provision for an aristocracy and a church establishment, which latter it was also intended should control education. Cartwright was a devoted adherent of the Church of England, and, as we have seen, had intended to enter its ministry, but from the first he recognized the unwisdom of the attempt to force that church upon the dissenting Loyalists and other elements in the population. He raised his voice against it at the first opportunity, and though he was not successful in altogether preventing this mistaken policy, yet he did much to modify its harsher features.

After the passing of the Constitutional Act of 1791, Simcoe arrived as the first Governor of Upper Canada. Like Lord Dorchester, he had been an officer in the British army in America during the Revolution. His whole training from youth had been in the military line, and he had the characteristic virtues and defects of the higher grade military man. He was generous, enthusiastic, perfectly conscientious and thoroughly devoted to what he believed to be Britain's interest in America, and he believed that interest was to be promoted chiefly by military means. On the other hand, he was singularly ignorant of the nature and necessities of civil administration. His conceptions of future Canadian greatness were generous and lofty in proportion to his ignorance of the means for realizing them. Absolutely free from any taint of corruption himself, he nevertheless laid the basis for a most disastrous system of corruption. In brief, he was a perfect gentleman, an ideal military officer, and a complete failure as a civil administrator.

With nothing more to guide him than his military experience in the Revolutionary war, and before he had

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ever seen Upper Canada, Simcoe formed a most comprehensive and picturesque scheme for the government of the country. Writing to Dundas, the Secretary for the Colonies, while still in London, he outlines his policy for the government of his Province.

First and foremost is his anxiety about the establishment of the Episcopal System in the country, a system which, as he says, is "interwoven and connected with the monarchical foundations of our government," and now, in the very infancy of the colony, is the time for its establishment in order to insure a permanent dependence upon Great Britain. Next in importance is the necessity of having the colony established on a military basis. He hopes to have a company of artificers drawn from the various British regiments. He desires particularly to have establishments for a number of independent companies, which he regards as vital parts of the colony. He expects that these, on soldier's pay, will be able to execute works which up to this time have either drawn upon the labour of the peasants, or required extra outlay by the Government. Following in these matters the great masters of the world, the Romans, he proposes to make the winter stations of these companies "the germs of so many well-affected colonial cities." As the soldiers are discharged they will be given their allotments of land. He will discharge them as soon as possible, filling their places with men drawn from the United States, who will be disciplined in these companies, by the occupations he will set them at, until they have become good British subjects. Already he has his officers chosen for these commands. Among the captains are David Shank, John McGill, Aeneas Shaw, and Lieut. Spencer. The inferior officers he expects to pick up in the country from among the Loyalist military men already there on half-pay. Other officers whom he desires to take with him are Surgeon McAulay, Mr. Burnes, Capt. Smith, Capt. Stevenson, and Mr. Jarvis, the latter a civilian.

Mr. Osgoode is to be at the head of the Law Department. But excepting Mr. Osgoode he does not favour having "gentlemen of the law" as members of either the Executive or the Legislative Council. It is highly necessary, too, that legal appeals to Great Britain should be discouraged as much as possible. He recommends other persons to be taken with him for the various important offices connected with the Government, except the position of Surveyor-General, apparently having his eye on someone in Canada for that position.

With his bands of raw republicans from the States, in training for British subjects, he proposes to clear small tracts of land and sell them at moderate rates to the settlers.

There are, he says, many Loyalists in London who are entitled to the protection of the Government, and are anxiously awaiting relief, and who propose to emigrate to Upper Canada if the inducements are sufficient. Several Germans have also applied to him. He wishes to know, therefore, what inducements the King will hold out to those inclined to settle in Upper Canada. He hopes the King will keep the Government stores in Canada well supplied, because, owing to the difficulty of transportation he understands that when there is a scarcity of goods the merchants put up their prices, and only the feudal land system of Lower Canada has saved the greater part of the country from falling into the hands of the merchants. He then goes into details as to supplies of materials, tools, etc., to be sent out for his corps of artisans and soldiers, and for sale to the inhabitants at the cost price in England and without freight charges. He does not even forget to stipulate for a supply of copper coins with which to pay his American probationers.

As became a man of education and humanity, he is thoroughly interested in the spiritual needs of the colonists. "The colony of Upper Canada," he says, "may justly be considered as the rival for public estimation and preference, of the American Govern-

ments near to which it is situated. To the infinite superiority of constitution it certainly will be no inferior part of policy to aim at superiority in morals, in manners, in industry, in arts and sciences." Therefore he looks forward to establishing a public library in the colony. His idea is to obtain such books as the Encyclopedia, "extracts from which might be published in the periodical papers for the purpose of facilitating commerce and agriculture." The books will be a great aid also to that literary society which he hopes to establish, and which he expects will be considerably promoted by the professional studies of the medical gentlemen he will take with him, and by the "turn for mineralogy which is the amusement of Mr. Russell." Mr. Russell, we find, is to combine with this amusement the duties of collector of customs, and auditor and receiver-general.

Thus, with the necessary instructions left behind for the Home Government, with the destinies of a new empire in his pocket, and surrounded by a congenial military band who, under his command, were to lay the foundations of that empire, Simcoe left the shores of Britain on his great mission.

It would have been needless to relate these Utopian plans had the Governor abandoned them on discovering the actual condition of things in Canada. But he was too completely absorbed in his visions, too conscious of the loftiness and integrity of his purposes, and too sanguine of forcing their realization, to be discouraged by any untoward circumstances which fell in his way, or any lack of appreciation on the part of the people. Hence, without this key to the situation, much of his conduct as Governor of Upper Canada would be unintelligible, and much of the opposition of such men as Cartwright and Hamilton might be regarded as dictated by a rooted antagonism to the British Government, which was just the interpretation put upon their conduct by Simcoe himself.

The Governor and his officers were naturally much disgusted with the

social and political symptoms which they discovered in Upper Canada, entirely loyalist though it was at that time. But for Simcoe, at least, these symptoms only strengthened the conviction that his plans for the eradication of democratic tendencies were absolutely essential to the country's British connection and future greatness.

Writing to Dundas, in the end of 1792, soon after his arrival, he says that in his passage from Montreal to Kingston he had discovered that the general spirit of the country was against the election of half-pay officers to the Assembly, but "that the prejudice ran in favour of men of the lower order, who kept but one table, that is, who dine in common with their servants." This was indeed ominous; for how could a Governor expect to manage an Assembly not composed mainly of military men? However, he reports with some satisfaction, that by stopping over at Kingston and exerting his personal influence, he managed to secure the election of his Attorney-General, Mr. White. In the perfect innocence of his heart, such an action on the part of the Governor had to him not the faintest suspicion of impropriety, but is related as evidence of his zeal in the King's cause. His whole conduct was characterized by such actions. His subordinates took up the clue, and the history of the Family Compact with its methods of governing the country formed the natural sequel to these proceedings.

Both Simcoe and Cartwright give most interesting surveys of the first session of the Legislature, but I can refer only to the subject upon which they first came into conflict. It came up in connection with a bill introduced by Mr. Cartwright, and supported by Mr. Hamilton, in the Legislative Council. This was a bill for making valid the irregular marriages already contracted in the Province. As Simcoe says, nearly every one in the Province, Cartwright and Hamilton included, were in that position.

Loyalist families had been coming into Canada from 1777, and settling

in the neighbourhood of the Posts. Many of those doing duty at the Posts, whether in high or low positions, had married young women of these immigrant families. The marriage ceremony was usually conducted by the commanding officer of the Post, there being no clergyman of the Church of England in the whole country west of Montreal. After the establishing of the Loyalist settlers the Justices of the Peace used to marry the people. In 1786 the Rev. Mr. Stuart was settled at Kingston, and this neighbourhood returned to the usual forms. Not till 1792 was the second minister settled at Niagara, and still there was none at the large settlement of Detroit or elsewhere. These civil marriages were not valid in the eyes of the law as it then stood, and the children could not inherit their parents' property. Thus some legislation was necessary to make valid former marriages and arrange for the future. As Cartwright pointed out, there were not in 1792 more than about one hundred families in the whole Province who were of the Church of England, the majority being Lutherans, Dutch Calvinists, Presbyterians, Methodists and Roman Catholics. As these dissenters were arranging to provide themselves with ministers, Cartwright recognized the wisdom of allowing their clergymen to perform legal marriages. But, as already seen, it was part of Simcoe's scheme to nip all these nonconformist sects in the bud, and, by forcing the Episcopal system upon the whole colony, bring it into harmony on this point with the "monarchical foundations of our Government." Simcoe was therefore immediately up in arms against Cartwright's proposal, and managed to shelve the question for a time on the plea of getting the opinion of the Home Government on it. Finding that something had to be conceded, Simcoe's party took the matter up and passed an act legalizing certain former marriages, but leaving the dissenters excluded from all rights to make legal marriages.

Commenting on the whole policy of the Government on the subject of religion, a policy which was afterwards to breed bitterness and obstruction to the progress of the country, Cartwright says: "The caution with which everything relative to the Church or Dissenters is guarded in the Act of Parliament which establishes our constitution, and the zeal and tenaciousness of the Executive Government in this country, on this head, has always astonished me. When a particular system has been long adopted and acted upon, some evil may perhaps result from a change, although in its principles it may be neither liberal nor just, and at all events there is the bugbear innovation to guard the abuse; but to make this abuse an essential principle, and, where a new Government is to be formed as in the present case, among a people composed of every religious denomination, and nineteen-twentieths of whom are of persuasions different from the Church of England, to attempt to give to that Church the same exclusive political advantages that it possesses in Great Britain, and which are even there the cause of so much clamour, appears to me to be as impolitic as it is unjust. In the present time one would expect better things from Ministers. That these remarks may not be imputed to prejudice, I think it necessary to mention that I am one of the small number of churchmen in the country." And then, going on to speak of the methods by which the foundations of the Family Compact and the future corruption were laid, he remarks with unusual insight: "For my part I assure you I begin to be disgusted with politics. On the division of the Province, as we had no previous establishments in our way, I fondly imagined that we were to sit down cordially together to form regulations solely for the public good; but a little experience convinced me that these were the visions of a novice, and I found our Executive Government disposed to calculate their measures, as much with a view to patronage and private endowment, as the prosperity

of the colony. In this I doubt not they will be sufficiently successful, from the interested complaisance of some of our legislators and the ignorance of more, who are incapable of foreseeing the consequence of their concessions. But such policy is as short-sighted as it is illiberal, and however little it may be noticed at present, if persisted in and pushed very far, will unquestionably be sowing the seeds of civil discord, and perhaps laying the foundations of future revolutions. For although almost every one is now too much taken up with providing the means of subsistence to have leisure for canvassing public measures, yet as we advance in population and improvement, they will become objects of more general attention, and in sound policy ought to be so calculated as not to furnish cause for disgust to the real patriot, or pretext for clamour to the pretended one. In the course of our proceedings I have found how completely the spirit of that part of the Act might be evaded, which professes to make the Legislative Council entirely independent, by giving the members their seats for life. It is only to compose the majority of it—as has, in fact, been done—of Executive Councillors and officers of Government, dependent for their salaries on the good pleasure of the Governor." So accurate an analysis is this of the real significance of the course which the Government was following, that it reads like a section of Lord Durham's Report, after the rebellion of 1837, dealing with the fundamental blunders and corruption that had nearly wrecked the Province of Upper Canada. Yet these words were written within two years after the establishing of the first Government in Upper Canada.

Commenting on other aspects of Simcoe's government, he says: "Seriously, our good Governor is a little wild in his projects, and seems to imagine that he can, in two or three years, put the country into a situation that it is impossible it can arrive at in a century; and I fear that a great deal of expense will by this means be thrown away, which, under the management

of a less sanguine temper, would have been productive of solid benefit to the colony. For example, how useful might the Rangers have been had they been employed in the service for which they were ostensibly raised, of opening roads and building bridges between the different settled parts of the country; but this is a business that the inhabitants are left to do of themselves, as well as they can, and the only piece of work of this kind that these folks who were 'to level mountains and make valleys rise' have been employed in at all, is in cutting a road from the head of Lake Ontario to the River Trancke, where there is yet not a single inhabitant, and in this duty there is a captain and one hundred men engaged. But while I am thus free in my strictures, I must also say that the Governor merits very great praise for his indefatigable industry in exploring in person the communication between the different parts of the country. Last winter he went to Detroit on snow shoes; early this spring he coasted the lake from Niagara to Toronto; he has now gone to look into Lake Huron, by the way of Lake LaClaye; and next winter we expect a visit from him here by way of the Bay of Kenty."

When Simcoe, annoyed at Cartwright's outspoken criticism of his course in the Legislative Council, represented him and his friend Hamilton to the home authorities as the only persons in the Council who were opposed to His Majesty's Government, and had impugned their motives, Mr. Cartwright has this to say in defence of his course. It is in a letter to his friend, Mr. Isaac Todd of Montreal, who had learned, while in Britain, of the attacks of the Governor upon him.

"It seems, then, that every man who will not be a tool, and pay implicit respect to the caprice and extravagance of a Colonial Governor, must be an object of jealousy and malevolence not only here but at home. Yet, ask these gentlemen for what purpose they gave me a seat in the Legislative Council? I presume they will tell you it was from a desire to avail themselves

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of my knowledge of the country and acquaintance with the inhabitants, derived from long residence and familiar intercourse with them, to assist in framing such laws as might be most applicable to the situation of the colony, not merely to show my complaisance to the person at the head of the Government. Such, at all events, is the duty which I conceive that my appointment imposes on me. And do they expect that I should either approve of, or be silent upon measures that are totally inapplicable to the state of society in this country, that are inconsistent with its geographical situation, and must shock the habits and prejudices of the majority of its inhabitants?"

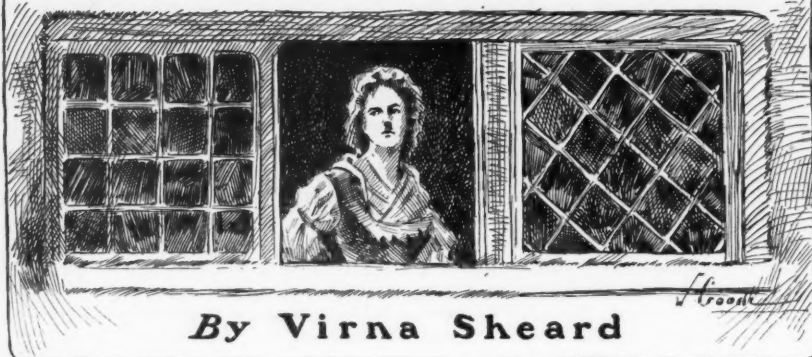
"In the intercourse of private life I am disposed to be as accommodating as any man, but in the discharge of a public trust I must follow my own sense of duty and propriety. I do not doubt the disposition of the Governor to consult the welfare of the Province, yet this disposition sometimes puts on an odd appearance. He is a man of warm and sanguine temper, that will not let him see any obstacle to his views; he thinks every existing regulation in England would be proper here. Not attending sufficiently perhaps to the spirit of the constitution, he seems bent on copying all the subordinate establishments, without considering the great disparity of the two countries in every respect. And it really would not surprise me to see attempts made to establish among us ecclesiastical courts, tithes and religious tests, though nine-tenths at least of our people are of persuasions different from the Church of England; though the whole have been bred in a country where there was the most perfect freedom in religious matters, and though this would occasion almost a general emigration. One would, however, have thought that politics in the abstract would, by this time, have been sufficiently out of repute. I did not expect or wish for the place I hold in the Legislature, nor do

I care how soon I resign it, but while I do retain it I will most certainly do my duty regardless of the smiles or frowns, the favours or the calumnies of any person whatever. Were I to act differently I am sure you would be the first to despise me, and I certainly should despise myself—a degradation that would be poorly compensated by all the emolument or favour that could flow from a different line of conduct. All my prospects, as well for myself as my family, are confined to this Province; I am bound to it by the strongest ties, and with its welfare my interest is most essentially connected. On this account, too, I cannot look tamely on and see measures pursued that by sowing the seeds of discontent among us may ultimately avert from us the favour of Great Britain, which is so necessary to our prosperity. It is much to be regretted that Government seldom receives colonial information but through persons who, too frequently, are disposed to misrepresent both men and things."

The limits of a single article render it impossible to go into further details, or to trace the subsequent career of Mr. Cartwright in his manifold public services, as judge of the Court of Common Pleas, as chairman of the Court of Quarter Sessions, which represented among other things the Municipal Government of the district, as one of the Commissioners on behalf of the Province to settle financial and revenue questions with Lower Canada, in his continued service in the Legislative Council, and in his untiring efforts in the interest of education and religion. It must suffice to say that in all these public services, as well as in his business relations, he showed the same largeness of spirit, soundness of judgment, and independence of mind. Altogether he is to my mind much the most interesting figure of his time in Upper Canada, and worthy of the best traditions of the period, whether in Britain or America.



# A Maid of Many Moods



By Virna Sheard

## CHAPTER VIII.

**DIGEST OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.**—The story opens at the One Tree Inn, halfway between Stratford and Shuttery. Master Thornbury has two children, Debora and Darby. Darby is a play-actor in London and, with his father and his sister, is a friend of William Shakespeare. Darby is expected home for Christmas. He arrives, and for some days there is much festivity and much talk of London and its ways. Judith Shakespeare is present at some of these gatherings and chats. Debora wants to go to London, but Darby and her father think it no place for young maids. She has her way, however, and is lodged with her brother at the house of Dame Blossom in Bankside, on the south side of the Thames. She pleads to be taken to the theatre, but it is neither the fashion for women to act nor to attend. Darby, however, promises to take her secretly to a rehearsal. There she is accidentally discovered by Don Sherwood, who is playing the part of Romeo, Darby being the Juliet. Sherwood escorts her home and secures permission to call again. Meanwhile, Darby comes home intoxicated and disfigured. It was clear that when the great play was put on for the public he would be unable to appear. Debora, his other self, comes to the rescue, secretly dons his clothes and plays the part of Juliet for three evenings. Sherwood and Nick Berwick, her two admirers, are the only persons to suspect that Debora is masquerading as Darby.

DEBORA went to her own room that third evening, and turning the key stood with her two hands pressed tight above her heart. "'Tis over," she said—" 'tis over, an' well over. Now to tell Darby. I' faith I know not rightly who I am. Nay then, I am just Deb Thornbury, not Darby, nor Juliet, for evermore. Oh! what said he at the steps? 'I know thee, I have known thee from the first. See, thou art mine, thou art mine I tell thee, Juliet, Juliet!'"

Then the girl laughed, a happy little laugh. "Was ever man so imperative? Nay, was ever such a one in the wide, wide world?"

Remembering her dress, she unfastened it with haste and put on the kirtle of white taffeta.

The thought of Sherwood possessed her; his face, the wonderful golden

voice of him. The words he had said to her—to her only—in the play.

Of the theatre crowded to the doors, of the stage where the Lord Chamberlain's Company made their exits and entrances, of herself—chief amongst them—she thought nothing. Those things had gone like a dream. She saw only a man standing bareheaded before the little house of Dame Blossom. "I know thee," he had said, looking into her eyes. "Thou art mine."

"Verily yes, or will be no other's; an' as for Fate, it hath been over-kind." So thinking she went to Darby's room. He was standing idly by the window, and wheeled about as the girl knocked and entered.

"How look I now, Deb?" he cried. "Come to the light. Nay, 'tis hardly enough to see by, but dost think I will

pass on the morrow? I' faith I am weary o' being mewed up like a cat in a bag."

Debora fixed her eyes on him soberly, not speaking.

"What is't now?" he said, impatiently. "What are staring at? Thine eyes be like saucers."

"I be wondering what thou wilt say an' I tell thee somewhat," she answered softly.

"Out with it then. Thou hast seen Berwick, I wager. I heard he was to be in town; he hath followed thee, Deb, an'—well pretty one—things are settled between thee at last?"

"Verily no!" she cried, her face colouring, "an' thou canst not better that guessing, thou hadst best not try again."

"No? Then what's to do, little sister?"

"Dost remember I told thee they had found one to take thy part at Blackfriars?"

"Egad, yes, that thought has been i' my head ever since. 'Fore Heaven I would some one sent me word who 'twas. I ache for news. Hasn't heard who 'twas, Deb?"

"'Twas I," she answered, the pink going from her face. "'Twas I, Debora!"

The young fellow caught at the window ledge and looked at her steadily without a word. Then he broke into a strange laugh. Taking the girl by the shoulder he swung her to the fading light.

"What dost mean?" he said, hoarsely. "Tell me the truth."

"I' faith that is the truth," she answered, quietly. "The only truth. There was no other way I could think of—and I had the lines by heart. None knew me. All thought 'twas thee, Darby. See, see! when I was fair encased in that Kendal green suit o' thine, why even Dad could not have told 'twas not thy very self! We must be strangely alike o' face, dear heart—though mayhap our souls be different."

"Nay!" he exclaimed, "'Tis past belief that thou shouldst take my part!

We be not so vastly alike. I cannot see it."

"Nor I, *always*," she said with a shrug, "but others do. Have no fear of discovery, one only knows beside Dame Blossom, and they will keep faith. Neither fear for thy reputation. The people gave me much applause, though I played not for that."

Darby threw himself into a chair and dropped his face in his hands.

"Who is't that knows?" he asked, half-roughly, after a pause. "Who is't, Deb?"

"He who played Romeo," she said in low tone.

"Sherwood?" exclaimed Darby. "Don Sherwood! I might have guessed."

"Ay!" replied the girl. "He only, I have reason to believe." A silence fell between them while the young fellow restlessly crossed to the window again. Debora went to him and laid her hand upon his shoulder, as was her way.

"Thou wilt not go thy own road again, Darby," she said, coaxingly. "Promise me, promise me, dear heart. See then, what I did was done for thee. Mayhap 'twas wrong; thou know'st 'twas fearsome, an' can ne'er be done again."

"'Twill not be needed again, Deb," he answered, and his voice trembled. "Nay, I will go no more my own way, but thy way, and Dad's. Dost believe me?"

"Ay!" she said, smiling, "Dad's way, for 'tis a good way, a far better one than any thy wilful, wayward little sister could show thee."

Out of doors the velvety darkness deepened. Somewhere, up above, a night-hawk called now and again its harsh, yet plaintive note. A light wind, bearing the smell of coming rain and fresh breaking earth, blew in springlike and sweet, yet sharp.

Presently Debora spoke half hesitatingly.

"I would thou wert minded to tell me somewhat," she started, "some-what o' Sherwood, the player. Hath he—hath he the good opinion o' Master Will Shakespeare—now?"

"Egad! yes," returned the young actor. "And of the whole profession. It seems," smiling a little, "it seems thou dost take Master Shakespeare's word o' a man as final. He stand'th in thy good graces or fall'th out o' them by that, eh!"

"Well, peradventure 'tis so," she admitted, pursing up her rosy lips. "But Master Don Sherwood—tell me —"

"Oh! as for him," broke in Darby, welcoming any subject that turned thought from himself, "he is a rare good fellow, is Sherwood, though that be not his real name, sweet. 'Tis not often a man makes change of his name on the handbills, but 'tis done now and again."

"It doth seem an over-strange fashion," said Debora, "an' one that must surely have a reason back o' it. What, then, is Master Sherwood called when he be rightly named?"

"Now let me think," returned Darby, frowning, "the sound of it hath slipped me. Nay, I have it—Don—Don, ah! Dorian North. There 'tis, and the fore part is the same as the little lad's at home, an uncommon title, yet smooth to the tongue. Don Sherwood is probably one Dorian Sherwood North, an' that too sounds well. He hath a rare voice. It play'th upon a man strangely, and there be tones in it that bring tears when one would not have them. Thou should'st hear him sing Ben Jonson's song! 'Rare Ben Jonson,' as some fellow hath written him below a verse o' his, carved over the blackwood mantel at the Devil's tavern. Thou should'st hear Sherwood sing, 'Drink to me only with thine eyes.' I' faith! he carries one's soul away! Ah! Deb," he ended, "I am having a struggle to keep my mind free from that escapade o' thine. Jove! an' I thought any other recognized 'hee!'"

"None other did, I'll gainsay," Debora answered, in a strangely quiet way; "an' he only because he found me that day i' the Royal Box—so long ago. What was't thou did'st call him, Darby? Don Sherwood? Nay, Dorian North. Dorian North!"

Her hand, which had been holding Darby's sleeve, slipped away from it, and with a little cry she fell against the window ledge and so to the floor.

Darby hardly realized for a moment that she had fainted. When she did not move he stooped and lifted her quickly, his heart beating fast with fear.

"Why, Deb!" he cried. "What is't?" Heaven mercy! She hath swooned. Nay then, not quite; there then, open thine eyes again. Thou hast been forewearied, an' with reason. Art thyself now?" as his sister looked up and strove to rise.

"Whatever came over thee, sweet? Try not to walk. I will lift thee to the bed an' call Dame Blossom. Marry! what queer things women be."

"Ay! truly," she answered, faintly, steadying herself against him. "Ay! vastly queer. Nay, I will not go to the bed but will sit in your chair."

"Thou art white as linen," anxiously. "May I leave thee to call the Dame? I fear me lest thou go off again."

"Fear naught o' that," said Deb, with a little curl of her lips. "An' call Mistress Blossom an' thou wilt, but 'tis nothing; there—dear heart, I will be well anon. Hast not some jaunt for to-night? I would not keep thee, Darby."

"'Tis naught but the players' meeting-night at The Mermaid. It hath no great charm for me and I will cry it off on thy account."

"That thou wilt not," she said with spirit, a bit of pink coming to her face with the effort. "I can trust thee, an' thou must go. 'Twill ne'er do to have one an' another say,—'Now where be Darby Thornbury?' There might be some suspicions fly about an' they met thee not."

"Beshrew me, yes! Thou hast a wise head. 'Twould not do, and I have a game o' bluff to carry on that thou hast started. Thou little heroine!" kissing her hand. "What pluck thou did'st have! What cool pluck. Egad!" ruefully, "I almost wish thou had'st not had so much.

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"'Twas a desperate game, and perchance I be not equal to the finish."

"'Twas desperate need to play it," she answered, wearily. "Go then, I would see Mistress Blossom."

Thornbury stood half hesitating, turned and went out.

"'Twill ever be so with him," said the girl. "He lov'th me—but he lov'th Darby Thornbury better."

Then she hid her face. "Oh! heart o' me! I cannot bear it, I cannot bear it—'tis too much. I will away to Shottery to-morrow. I mind me what Dad said, an' 't has come to be truth. 'Thou wilt never bide in peace at One Tree Inn again.' Peace!" she said, with bitter accent. "Peace! I think there be no peace in the world; or else 't hath passed me by."

Resting her chin on her hand, she sat thinking in the shadowy room. Darby had lit a candle on the high mantel, and her sombre eyes rested on the yellow circle of light.

"Who was't I saw 'n the road as I came out o' Blackfriars? Who was't—now let me think. Marry! I paid no more heed than though I had seen him in a dream, yet 'twas some one from home—Now I mind me! 'Twas Nicholas Berwick. His eyes burned in his white face. He stared straight-way at me an' made no sign. An' so he was in the theatre also. Then he knew! Poor Nick! poor Nick!" she said with a heavy sigh. "He loved me, or he hath belied himself many times; an' I! I thought little on't."

"Oh! Mistress Blossom," as the door opened. "Is't thou? Come over beside me." As the good Dame came close, the girl threw her arms about her neck.

"Why, sweet lamb!" exclaimed the woman. "What hath happened thee? Whatever hath happened thee?"

"What is one to do when the whole world go'th wrong?" cried Debora. "Oh! gaze not so at me, I be not dazed or distraught. Oh! dear Mistress Blossom, I care not to live to be as old as thou art. I am forewearied o' life."

"Weary o' life! an' at thy time! My faith, thou hast not turned one-and-twenty! Why then, Mistress Debora, I be eight-an'-forty, yet count that not old by many a year."

Deb gave a tired little gesture. "Every one to their fancy—to me the world and all in it is a twice-told tale. I would not have more o' it—by choice." She rose and turned her face down towards the good Dame. "An' one come to ask for me—a player, one Master Sherwood of the Lord Chamberlain's Company—could'st thou—would'st thou bid him wait below i' the small parlour till I come?"

"Ay truly," answered the woman, brightening. "Thou art heartily welcome to receive him there, Mistress Debora."

"Thank thee kindly. He hath business with me, but will not tarry long."

"I warrant many a grand gentleman would envy him that business," said the Dame, smiling.

Debora gave a little laugh—short and hard. Her eyes, of a blue that was almost black, shone like stars.

"Dost think so?" she said. "Nay then, thou art a flatterer. I will to my room. My hair is roughened, is't not?"

"Thou art rarely beautiful as thou art; there be little rings o' curls about thy ears. I would not do aught to them. Thy face hath no colour, yet ne'er saw I thee more comely."

"Now that is well," she answered. "That giveth my faint heart courage, an' marry! 'tis what I need. I would not look woe-begone, or of a cast-down countenance, not I! but would bear me bravely, an' there be cause. Go thou now, good Mistress Blossom; the faintness hath quite passed."

It seemed but a moment before Debora heard the Dame's voice again at the door.

"He hath come," she said, in far-reaching whisper fraught with burden of unrelieved curiosity.

"He doth wait below, Mistress Deb. Beshrew me! but he is as goodly a gentleman as any i' London! His doublet is brocaded an' o'er brave with

silver lacings, an' he wear'th a fluted ruff like the quality at Court. Moreover, he hold'th himself like a very Prince."

"Doth he now?" said Debora, going down the hallway. "Why then he hath fair captivated thee. Thou, at thy age! Well-a-day! What think'st o' his voice," she asked, pausing at the head of the stairs. "What think'st o' his voice, Mistress Blossom?"

"Why, that 'twould be fine an' easy for him to persuade one to his way o' thinking with it—even against their will," answered the woman, smiling.

"Ah! good Dame, I agree not with thee in that," said Debora. "I think he hath bewitched thee, i' faith." So saying she went below, opened the little parlour door and entered.

Sherwood was standing in the centre of the room which was but dimly lit by the high candles. Deb did not speak till she had gone to a window facing the deserted common-land, pulled back the curtains and caught them fast. A flood of white moonlight washed through the place and made it bright.

The player seemed to realize there was something strange about the girl, for he stood quite still, watching her quick yet deliberate movement anxiously.

As she came towards him from the window he held out his hands. "Sweetheart!" he said, unsteadily. "Sweetheart!"

"Nay," she answered, with a little shake of her head and clasping her hands behind. "Not thine."

"Ay!" he cried, passionately, "thou art—all mine. Thine eyes, so truthful, so wondrous; the shining waves of thine hair; the sweetness of thy lips; the little hands behind thee."

"So," said the girl, with a catch of the breath, "so thou dost say, but 'tis not true. As for my body, such as it is, it is my own."

Sherwood leaned towards her, his eyes dark and luminous. "'Fore Heaven, thou art wrong," he said. "Thou dost belong to me."

"What o' my soul?" she asked, soft-

ly. "What o' my soul, Sir Romeo? Is that thine too?"

"Nay," he answered, looking into her face, white from some inward rebellion. "Nay then, sweetheart, for I think that is God's."

"Then, thou hast left me nothing," she cried, moving away. "Oh!"—throwing out her hands—"hark thee, Master Sherwood. 'Tis a far cry since thou did'st leave me by the steps at sundown. A far, far cry. The world hath had time to change. I did not know thee then. Now I do."

"Why, I love thee," he answered, not understanding. "I love thee, thou dost know that surely. Come, tell me. What else dost know, sweetheart? See! I am but what thou would'st have—bid me be what thou wilt. I will serve thee in any way thou dost desire. I have given my life to thee—and by it I swear again thou art mine."

"That I am not," she said, standing before him still and unyielding. "Look at me—look well!"

The man bent down and looked steadfastly into the girl's tragic face. It was coldly inflexible, and wore the faint shadow of a smile—a smile such as the lips of the dead sometimes wear, as though they knew all things, having unriddled life's problem.

"Debora!" he cried. "Debora! What is it? What hath come to thee?"

She laughed, a little rippling laugh that broke and ended. "Nay, thou traitor—that I will not tell thee—but go—go!"

The player stood a moment irresolute, then caught her wrists and held them. His face had turned hard and coldly grave as her own. Some look in his eyes frightened her.

"'Tis a coil," he said, "and Fate doth work against me. Yet verily 'tis a coil I will unravel. I am not easily worsted, but in the end bend things to my will. An' thou wilt not tell me what stands i' my road, I will discover it for myself. As for the Judas name thou hast called me—it fits me not. Should'st thou desire to tell me so thyself at any time—to take it back—send me but a word. So I go."

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The long swift steps sounded down the hall; there was the opening and shutting of a door and afterwards silence.

## CHAPTER IX.

The night wore on and the moonlight faded. The stars shone large and bright; the sound of people passing on the street grew less and less. Now and then a party of belated students, or merry-makers came by, singing a round or madrigal. A melancholy night-jar called incessantly over the house-tops. As the clocks tolled one, there was a sound of rapid wheels along the road and a coach stopped before goodman Blossom's.

Young Thornbury leaped from it and with his heavy knocking roused the man, who came stumbling sleepily down the hallway.

"Oh! pray thee, make haste, Blossom," called the young fellow; "keep me not waiting." Then as the door flew open, "My sister!" he said, pushing by, "is she still up?"

"Soul an' body o' me, thou dost worrit folk till they be like to lose their wits! I' fecks thy sister should be long abed, an' thou too. Thou hast become a good-for-naught roysterer, with thy blackened eyes, an' thy dice playing, an' thy coming in o' midnight i' coaches."

Darby strode past unheeding; at the stairs Debora met him.

"Thou art dressed," he said, hoarsely. "Well, fetch thy furred cloak; the night turns cold. Lose no moment—but hasten?"

"Where?" she cried. "Oh! what now hath gone amiss?"

"I will tell thee i' the road; tarry not to question me."

It was scarcely a moment before the coach rolled away again. Nothing was said till they came to London Bridge. The flickering links flashed by them as they passed. A sea-scented wind blew freshly over the river and the tide was rising fast.

"I have no heart for more trouble," said the girl tremulously. "Oh! tell me, Darby, an' keep me not waiting. Where go'th the coach? What hath happened? Whatever hath happened?"

"Just this," he said shortly. "Nicholas Berwick hath been stabbed i' the throat by one he differed with at 'The Mermaid.' He is at the point o' death, an' would not die easy till he saw thee."

"Nick Berwick?" Say'th thou so—at the point o' death? Nay, dear heart, it cannot be. I will not believe it—he will not die,—he is too great and strong—'tis not so grievous as that," cried Deb.

"Egad! 'tis worse, we think. He will be gone by daybreak. He may be gone now. See! the horses have turned into Cheapside. We will soon be there."

"What was the cause?" the girl asked, faintly. "Tell me how he came by the blow."

There was no sound for a while but the whirling of wheels and the ringing of the horses' feet over cobble-stones.

"I will tell thee, though 'tis not easy for either thou nor I.

"'Twas the players' night at 'The Mermaid,' and there were a lot of us gathered. Marry! Ben Jonson and Master Shakespeare, Beaumont and Keene. I need not give thee names for there were men from 'The Rose' playhouse and 'The Swan.' 'Twas a gay company and a rare. Ay! Sherwood was there for half an hour, though he was overgrave and distraught, it seemed to me. They would have him sing 'Drink to me only with thine eyes.' 'Fore Heaven, I will remember it till I die."

"Nick Berwick," she said. "Oh! what of him?"

"Ay! he was there; he came in with Master Will Shakespeare, and he sat aside—not speaking to any, watching and listening. He was there when the party had thinned out, still silent. I mind his face, 'twas white as death at a feast. Not half an hour ago—an' there were but ten of us left—a man—one from 'The Rose' they told me—I knew him not by sight—leaped to a chair and, with a goblet filled and held high, called out to the rest—

"'Come,' he cried above the noise of our voices. 'Come, another toast! Come, merry gentlemen, each a foot

on the table! I drink to a new beauty. For as I live 'twas no man but a maid who was on the boards at Blackfriars i' the new play, and the name of her—"

The girl caught her breath—"Darby!—Darby!"

"Nay, he said no more, sweet; for Nick Berwick caught him and swung him to the floor."

"Thou dost lie!" he cried. "Take back thy words before I make thee." While he spoke he shook the fellow violently, then on a sudden loosened his hold. As he did so, the player drew a poniard from its sheath at his hip, sprang forward and struck Berwick full i' the throat. That is all," Thornbury said, his voice dropping, "save that he asked incessantly for thee, Deb, ere he fainted."

The coach stopped before a house where the lights burned brightly. Opening the door they entered a low, long room with rafters and wainscoting of dark wood. In the centre of it was a huge table, in disorder of flagons and dishes. The place was blue with smoke and overheated, for a fire yet burned in the great fireplace. On a settle near the hearth lay a man, his throat heavily bound with linen, and by him was a physician of much fame in London, and one who had notable skill in surgery.

Debora went swiftly towards them with outstretched hands.

"Oh! Nick! Nick!" she said, with a little half-stifled cry. "Oh! Nick, is't thou?"

"Why, 'twas like thee to come," he answered, eagerly, raising up on his elbow. "'Twill make it easier for me, Deb—an' I go. Come nearer, come close."

The physician lowered him gently back and spoke with soft sternness.

"Have a care, good gentleman," he said. "We have stopped the bleeding, and would not have it break out afresh. Thy life depends upon thy stillness." So saying he withdrew a little.

"Oh! move not Nick," said the girl, slipping to the floor beside him and leaning against the oaken seat; "neither move nor speak. I will keep

watch beside thee till thou art better. But why did'st deny it or say aught? 'Twould have been better that the whole o' London knew than this! Nay, answer me not," she continued fearfully; "thou may not speak or lift a finger."

Berwick smiled faintly, "Ah! sweet," he said, pausing between the words, "I would not have thy name on every tongue—but would silence them all an' I had lives enough. Yet thou wert in truth upon the stage at Blackfriars—in Will Shakespeare's play—though I denied it!"

"I was there," said Deb, softly, "but 'twas of necessity. We will think no more of it. It breaks my heart to see thee here, Nick," she ended, with quivering lips, her eyes wide and pitiful.

"Now that need not trouble thee," answered the man, a light breaking over his gray drawn face. "'Fore Heaven, I mind it not."

"Thou wilt be better soon," said the girl. "Truly, yes. I will have it so, Nick. I will not have thee die for this."

"Dost remember what I asked thee last Christmas, Deb?"

"Yes," she said, not meeting his eyes.

"Wilt kiss me now, Deb?"

For answer she stooped down and laid her sweet lips to his, then rose and stood beside him.

"Ah! Deb," he said, looking up at her adoringly. "'Twill be something to remember—should I live—an' if not, well—'tis not every man who dies with a kiss on his lips."

"Thou must not talk," she said.

"No," he answered, faintly, "nor keep thee. Yet promise me one thing."

"What would'st have me promise?"

"That thou wilt return on the morrow to Shottery. London is no place for thee now, Deb."

"I will go," answered the girl, "though I would fain take care of thee here, Nick."

"That thou must not think of," replied the man. "I will fare—as God wills. Go thou home to Shottery."

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The physician crossed over to them and laid his white fingers on Berwick's wrist.

"I' faith thou dost seem set upon undoing my work," he said. "Art so over-ready to die, Master Berwick? One more swoon like the last and thou would'st sleep on."

"He will talk no more, good Doctor," said Debora hastily. "Ah! thou wilt be kind to him, I pray thee? And

now I will away, as 'tis best, but my brother will stay, and carry out thy orders. Nay, Nick, thou must not even say goodbye or move thy lips. I will go back to Dame Blossom quite safely in the coach."

"An' to Shottery on the morrow?" he whispered.

"Ay!" she said, looking at him with tear-blinded eyes, "as thou wilt have it so."

TO BE CONCLUDED IN OCTOBER.

## "FOURTEEN DAYS."

By Basil C. d'Easum.

TOM NETTLE was a trooper in the Canadian Mounted Rifles in South Africa.

Now, throughout the British army the C.M.R. were known as good foragers, and among the Canadians Tom was known as being peculiarly skilled in the gentle art of "rustling." Other men might be hungry, but not so Nettle if there was anything eatable to be borrowed from a Boer. His objects in volunteering for service in South Africa were to see the country and have a good time—fighting the Boers came under the head of having a good time. Of army discipline he knew nothing and cared still less—"derved foolishness," he called it, which it is to a certain extent.

The Canadian Mounted Rifles were made up of Northwest Mounted Police and plainsmen, all being men accustomed to the free-and-easy ways of north-western Canada. The officers did not hold the lines of discipline so tightly as was done by the officers of regular corps.

So Nettle continued to live on the enemy's country and to have a good time.

Occasionally, on the march to Pretoria, he would wander away from the column and rejoin the regiment a day or two later, with his horse bristling

with chickens and geese, and his wallets stuffed full of little articles which he had picked up at some Dutch farmhouse. Very wrong, of course, and likely to get a man into trouble. But, as the C.M.R. were then on the march, there were no opportunities for holding "Orderly Room" courts, and, consequently, Nettle did not get the attention he would have received for missing his turn at night-guard or other special duties.

His troop sergeants would probably curse him fluently for the extra trouble he gave them, but he generally saw the policy of sharing some of his spoils with them.

The regiment, soon after reaching Middelburg, in the Eastern Transvaal, was encamped for a few weeks and employed in patrolling the district. Camp guards and other duties had to be performed, and military discipline was more strictly enforced than when on the march.

All this was very irksome to Nettle, and no one was surprised to hear that he was missing one evening when he should have taken his turn at stable-picket in the horse lines. That day he had been on a patrol with some men of his troop, and was last seen when riding in the direction of a farmhouse which was dangerously close to the

Boer lines. But danger never troubled Nettle if there was any prospect of getting loot. For was there not an occasion when he went through the Boer lines and had his horse shot, but managed to replace it with one from the enemy, together with several tins of sardines, a Dutch Bible, two bottles of "Dop" (native brandy), and a miscellaneous collection of poultry?

There were many imitators of his foraging raids in the ranks of the Canadian Mounted Rifles, and the matter was becoming too notorious. Therefore, this night, when Trooper Nettle was absent from guard-mounting, the sergeant, instead of detailing some other man for the vacant post, reported the fact to the Regimental Sergeant-Major, and the R.S.M. to the Adjutant, who gave orders that Nettle should be put under arrest next day and brought to "Orderly Room."

But next day Tom did not appear, nor the following day.

On the afternoon of the fifth day a little procession was seen coming towards the camp. First came a big "buck" waggon, a Boer transport waggon, drawn by fourteen oxen, two Kaffir drivers running at the side and vigorously cracking their long whips. Then came a Cape cart, laden with household goods, and drawn by two mules which were driven by a grinning Kaffir. And, last of all, came the missing trooper Nettle, riding a fine Boer pony.

Nettle turned his outfit over to the transport officers and came to the lines of the C.M.R. Here he was met with the news that he was to consider himself under arrest for being absent without leave. He was also told that he would have to go up before the Colonel on the morrow. He did not let this worry him, for he felt sure that his capture of the oxen and waggon would speak in his favour.

He had come upon a Boer farmhouse which had been left in charge of some Kaffir servants. The house was well supplied with many comforts, and Nettle made himself very much at home for five days, making the Kaffirs

obey his orders. At last, fearing that his regiment might have moved from Middelburg, he told the Kaffirs to hitch the oxen to the waggon, loaded the Cape cart with a few things which he thought might be useful, took a Boer pony and started for camp. There was a big band of cattle close to the farmhouse, and Nettle regretted that he was not able to drive it towards the camp.

However, he had brought a good supply of eatables, and his chums had a great feast that night, many of them freely expressing the opinion that the capture of the oxen and waggon would whitewash Nettle from any trouble in the Orderly Room.

He had no stripes, so he could not be reduced to the ranks. The only punishment, then, could be "C.B.," which, in military matters, means "confined to barracks" and other small penalties which are included in the sentence. As we were on active service and not living in barracks, "C.B." was interpreted to mean the doing of extra "fatigues," such as cleaning the camp and horse lines, and, in spare moments, the digging of refuse pits.

This last task was hard work under the hot African sun; Nettle felt confident that that fate would not be his.

In fact, next day when he was summoned to go to the Colonel's tent he went with a jaunty air, thinking that he would surely be commended for his meritorious action in capturing the Boer waggon and oxen.

Digging refuse pits seemed an impossibility; indeed, he pictured himself receiving a handshake from the Colonel.

That officer was sitting very straight in his chair at the table of justice when the Regimental Sergeant-Major marched to the door of the tent and saluted, Trooper Nettle standing at attention outside.

"Give me your hat," said the Regimental to Nettle, "three steps forward, quick march."

"What is the charge, Sergeant-Major?" said the Colonel.

"Absent for five days without leave, sir."

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"What have you to say, Trooper Nettle?" enquired the Colonel.

Then Nettle told his little tale, taking care to enlarge upon the capture of the waggon and oxen, and also trying to let the Colonel see that his feelings were somewhat hurt at being placed under arrest or charged with any offence at all.

The Colonel listened patiently to the end, then he said, "Fourteen days C.B."

Poor Nettle looked at him for a moment with wide open eyes. "But, sir," he stammered, "I brought in fourteen oxen!"

"Exactly," said the Colonel with a grim smile, "one day for each ox."

"Right-about turn, quick march!" shouted the Regimental Sergeant-Major, and the amazed Trooper Nettle marched away more in sorrow than anger.

Two days later I spoke to him as he was digging a refuse pit in terribly rocky ground; it was very, very hot.

"Hard luck, old man!" said I.

"Hard luck?" said he. "Oh, I guess I can manage to do fourteen days. But just think what I should have had to do if I had run in that bunch of cattle!"

## ACROSS THE BARRIER OF YEARS.

*By Maude Pettit.*

JUST four o'clock and First Avenue was out in its best blacks and shining silks flanked by a dizzy movement of prancing steeds and automobiles. Elmhurst, the handsome residence of the McDermots, was conscious of the dignity derived from its massive carvings, its frowning turrets, its granite pillars. Even the flowers on the terrace seemed to understand they were First Avenue flowers, and the ivy clung to the walls as fashionable ivy should. A gentleman was ringing the door-bell, a carriage waiting by the boulevard.

"Do you know that man?" asked a passer-by of his companion.

"No, I don't think I do."

"It's Rathbury, the artist, the painter of that picture that's making such a sensation down at Claire's now—let me see, what do they call it—oh, 'The Morning-Time.'"

"Oh, yes, I was in to see that yesterday. Isn't it simply sublime? Such a commonplace scene too, but the life!—the life in it!"

"Yes, it's wonderful! They say it's a settled thing between him and McDermot's daughter."

Meanwhile the great door of Elm-

hurst closed upon its guest, and he was seated in the cooling shadows of the moss-green drawing-room to await its mistress. The mirrors reflected a man considerably past forty, sallow and quite gray, a face stamped with refinement and culture. It had been a struggle to his present fame and success, one which in his youth he had never thought of asking woman to share. In fact, oddly enough, in his early years he had never loved, and like many another man of genius he had mistakenly concluded he was wedded to his art. His old housekeeper gave him periodic doses of advice such as "You'll nae be a-marryin' now. Folks that want to marry should marry young. When they get past middle life, if they take a young un she's too skittish fur them, and if they take an old un like themselves they're both too fixed and crabbit in their ways to give in the one to the t'other."

But in spite of Mrs. Muffet's opinion he had wearied at last of a life that seemed to him incomplete and had decided—well, in short, he had decided to marry for friendship.

Now Mrs. Matchmaker, of First Avenue, was quick to read his thoughts



when he came to the city last fall, and pointed out to him the talented magazine writer, Miss McDermot. So it came that he spent many an evening in the moss-green drawing-room discussing Carlyle, and Turner, and Rembrandt, and Ruskin. She found him decidedly more interesting than the portly banker whose suit her father favoured. For who but Irving Rathbury had such a subtle understanding of Browning and Shelley and all those other beings that peopled her thoughts? Besides Mrs. Grundy told her it was quite *à propos*, and Mrs. Grundy understands those things. Love? Ah well—not quite, but there was at least talent and friendship.

As for Mr. Rathbury, he told himself again and again that he was taking a wise step, and yet at times he had to brush another face hastily from his memory. Once—but it had all happened seven years ago—he had gone to the country residence of an old artist to study, and a voice had thrilled him there. A light form flitted about the house, painted a little, sang a little, read thick volumes and sat on her grandfather's knee. There she was carolling across the great drawing-room with an apron full of May flowers, only the carpet was the orchard grass with green boughs and robin song above. She came right up to the canvas where he worked, this sprite with her fresh cheeks and her hat tossed back on her sunny hair. She grew still and watched him with those wonderful eyes of hers, and when he opened to her his heart's ideals she understood; and he felt—ah, well, never mind. For he was almost forty and she was but eighteen.

A word just now might win her. For what? Regret? She was a child as yet and he was twice her years. Bind her to fame and grey hairs? Nay! She shone fairest there. She was part of all this brightness of stars and forest and wind-swept meadows. Some day a fine young soul like her own would love her and this would be their Eden.

Thus for him it ended. Years passed—two, three, four, five—each bring-

ing more silvery hairs and fresh laurels. Once he went back again; the old artist had died, the place was sold, deserted, weed-grown, and he could find nothing of her whereabouts. She was probably married now, and he resolutely closed his eyes to the past. But hush! What traitorous thoughts are these? Is he not engaged to his friend, Helen Gretchen McDermot, beautiful still at thirty-eight? Besides she is clever and writes books, you know.

A sweep of silk rustled down the stairs, and he almost shakes himself as he hurries his thoughts back to First Avenue.

"Am I to apologize for keeping you so long, Irving, or will you sweetly tell me you have conceived another picture, another apple-woman, say?"

"I fear my brain is not so fertile. Have been engaged in the wise pursuit of tracing those branches on the carpet with my cane."

"What a dull half-hour!"

"Nay, not so. I'm capable of bachelor reveries, you know. In fact, I believe I could have written them fairly well. Did I not tell you once that authors and artists had the same soul, only one was able to express more fluently with pen what the other expressed more slowly with the brush?"

"But more richly, sometimes."

The carriage drew away from the boulevard with Mr. Rathbury and his fiancée.

"Tell him to drive quickly, Irving. You forget I am all anxiety to see 'The Morning-Time.' It is not fair that all the world is looking at it before Helen McDermot. I should have had the first look. But you know father would not come back to the city until last night. Dear! how the summer heat lingers! Tell me about it again, your picture I mean. I shall understand it better."

"No, I should rather you saw and understood for yourself. It is the favourite child of my brush, you know."

She was silent, silent and beautiful.

He was proud of her, this queenly woman at his side, with her fashion-clad form. Yes, he was fortunate—fame and wealth, and a handsome and talented wife.

"Have you seen that other canvas yet, 'The Unfinished Picture?'" she asked.

"No, I just heard about it to-day. I wonder who the artist is!"

They were getting now where the streets were more densely thronged. The coachman drew up at last before the granite pillars and broad steps of Claire's gallery. They passed through the cooling shadows of the vaulted roof to where the crowd was densest, but it was some minutes before they could make their way through the crowd to "The Morning-Time."

"She's not a perfectly beautiful girl. See, the features are not perfect," some one was saying.

"No, but the freshness, the life, the suggestiveness of it. You almost expect her to speak. And that bird—why, you can hear it sing!"

Then Helen McDermot was jostled forward and she saw the picture—her betrothed's master-piece.

An orchard scene on a May morning. A fresh-faced girl had paused beneath a tree. She was holding her apron full of wild flowers, standing slightly on tip-toe, her lips parted, as she listened to a goldfinch singing from its perch on a tall reed that rocked beneath its weight. Farther off a rustic fence skirted the horizon and, beyond, soft white furrows of cloud along the blue. Above her head a thrush peeped knowingly at her from its nest in the apple-blossoms.

Helen McDermot's face grew radiant with pride and exultation as she gazed and as she listened to the comments of the critics.

"This is a fine thing over here," said Mr. Arno in Rathbury's ear, "'The Unfinished Picture.'"

"Oh yes, I want to see that. Where is it? I just heard of it. Yes, I see."

It was the face of a half-grown girl with brush in hand and paint blotches on her apron. On the easel before

her, an unfinished picture, very imperfect, but with a suggestion of beauty. But she was gazing away from her work with a wistful look at a grey-haired artist who toiled in the background. He heeded her not, but painted on, his long white curls falling in mediæval fashion about his shoulders.

"The wistfulness is perfect, isn't it?" said Rathbury. "Who is the artist?"

"Some lady. Her name has just slipped my mind; she's quite young, a pupil of Saccho's. I imagine everybody will know before that picture hangs here long. Her grandfather was an artist, they say."

Mr. Rathbury had gone back to Miss McDermot's side. But he stopped in sudden surprise. She was still standing before the picture, but one hand rested limply on the other, her face was drooped and all its joy was gone.

"Let us go home," she said coldly.

"Helen—Miss McDermot, you are ill."

"No, not at all; come."

He led her to the carriage. No word of congratulation on her lips.

"I'm sure you are ill, Helen."

"No—not ill, thank you. Drive down Park Avenue. It is more secluded there."

"What is it, Helen? Tell me."

"That girl—you have painted the face of the woman you loved. You could not have painted like that if —"

"My dear, I loved the apple-woman, too, when I was painting her."

"Ah, but that was a different love. You have loved the living girl here. That is why people turn from the apple-woman to look at her."

Her hand was resting lightly on his arm.

"Don't deceive me, Irving, tell me all. Ours was to be a friendship marriage, but there should be perfect confidence even between friends. Can't you tell me?"

Brokenly and sadly he told his story.

"I would not ask her to sacrifice herself, you see. She had everything, beauty, and wealth, and youth."

"But you say you thought sometimes she loved you."

"Yes, but that was because she was so young. She had not begun to live yet. When she went out into the world she would soon forget me."

"But suppose she never forgot."

"That couldn't be. Besides, I loved Stella Carman too deeply in any case to want to see her marry a man of my years."

He did not notice that the hand on his arm started slightly at the mention of that name, and the carriage paused before the door of Elmhurst.

Two days passed. Irving Rathbury stands by the window of his country home—he had left the city that night. The servant hands him a note.

Dear Irving: I have come back to Riverside Cottage for a few days. I have had the good fortune to find in the painter of "The Unfinished Picture" a mutual friend of ours (at least I have known her of late years). She is now my guest. Come down on the evening train to-morrow, and I shall be pleased to have you meet your talented competitor.

HELEN.

"Sensible woman! She is going to take things as if nothing had happened," he said to himself.

Helen McDermot stood beside her guest on the verandah of Riverside Cottage next evening.

"I have neglected to take down old Mrs. Marrot's broth; so now, my dear, if you will excuse me, I'll leave you to your artist's reveries for a half hour. If anyone calls I hope you will play hostess with your usual grace. Now remember, puss, I expect you to be a Casabianca and stick—well, if not to the burning deck, at least to the creaking verandah, no matter who appears."

"Dear! All these directions sound, shall I call it—what shall I call it anyway?"

"Call it Good-evening. I'll be back soon, dear. Here Ragtop, you rude dog, go back and stay with your guest!"

But the young artist was soon too absorbed in the scene to need Ragtop's entertainment. The water-lilies slept on the dark river, and the flaming weed-flowers studded its banks, with here and there groups of elms spreading their graceful branches at the little

bends and curves. One star shone, pale, in the amethyst of evening, while the far-off melody of homely music came floating from some wayside cottage.

She was thinking of her work—"The Unfinished Picture." There was a touch lacking somewhere. The world applauded; but she was working for an immortal ideal. And to such souls what is men's applause?

She shaded her eyes for a moment—Oh, if she could but see that vision once again! Often as she worked a face had started up before her with all the reality of life. What, though those locks were grey, it was the face of the man she loved. She loved—ah, yes, that was where the trouble lay. She could not turn her eyes from feasting on the vision to toiling on the canvas. He had been paralyzed, and it faded ere she caught it.

Still she sat with closed eyes, hoping. Half-hushed bird murmurings in the night woods! Little cheeping voices that would not be stilled, but fain would wake and cry like the longings in her soul. Nay! It would not come, the vision that she sought.

She opened her eyes again to the evening light, and lo! there by the screen of verandah flowers was her long-lost vision. The same full brow—the eyes of fire and dreams. Ah! she had never been able to call his face up like this before. She had it now—the touch she lacked before! But a word, a breath and it would fade as her other dreams had done. She leaned forward with parted lips and bated breath,

"Stella!"

"It is the living—" and she gasped and was still.

"Yes it is I, the living Irving Rathbury."

For one moment they looked into each other's eyes, and the pent-up feelings of seven years were told without a word. Then she realized she had betrayed herself, and her cheeks were crimson and purple by turns.

And he became suddenly conscious of his honour there on Helen McDermot's threshold.

"And so you are the artist of the Unfinished Picture?" he said coldly.

"Yes, but don't let that make me forget I am to play hostess. Be seated. Miss McDermot is out, but will be back soon."

"Strange," thought he "she should be out on the appointed evening, and leave me alone with Stella Carman."

"But it all seems like a fairy story, Miss Carman. I do remember now you did paint when I knew you."

"Yes, I daubed a little even then, but you didn't condescend to see it."

Then an embarrassing silence came between them and they made efforts at conversation.

He mentioned her grandfather, and they were able to talk freely for a few minutes. Then came more layers of made conversation, more lulls of silence, with a splendid icing of conventionality on the slopes.

The stars grew thick on the little river at the garden foot and in the sky above. Then he bethought himself

that he must catch the night train for the city; regretted Miss McDermot was out, was pleased to have met Miss Carman, etc., and the two artists on the verandah steps said good-night as coldly as if she had never inspired him with the face in "The Morning-Time," and he had never given her "The Unfinished Picture."

A woman walked along by the solemn river-quiet that night, God's stars overhead.

"Marry my friend and crush two lives! Never!"

And in that hour Helen McDermot's face grew beautiful, passing all the beauty it had ever won before.

There was a year's delay, and the world waited still to see the nuptials of Irving Rathbury and Helen McDermot. And a man hesitated long between broken lives and a broken vow.

But Helen wavered not in the role she had chosen, and two happy people never forgot her generous sacrifice.

## DID WOLFE TAKE QUEBEC?

*By Arthur H. U. Colquhoun.*

TO whom, if not to Wolfe, do we owe the brilliant victory on the Plains of Abraham? His fame is secure if the issue of the battle, the testimony of witnesses, and the verdict of history are to prevail. It may be that in all great undertakings the name of one man stands out too prominently, and that those who co-operated with him receive a scant share of the renown. But in war the general in command either carries off the palm of victory or bears forever the stigma of defeat. This is especially true of the taking of Quebec. Only a leader of Wolfe's intrepid, almost reckless daring, the idol of his soldiers who would have followed him anywhere, could have inspired the confidence necessary to this perilous charge. If Montcalm's captains had been vigilant and obedient,

upon Wolfe's head would have fallen the blame for a disastrous overthrow. He won, and the credit is rightfully his.

Not for the first time are murmurs heard that the admirers of Wolfe have monopolized the honours for him to the exclusion of others. One historian (Warburton) declared years ago that the plan of scaling the cliffs was due to Townshend, one of Wolfe's brigadiers, who had thus obtained less than his fair share of the praise. Now we have Townshend's papers, for the first time made public.\* They deepen the impression that a desire exists in some quarters to reconstruct the story of the campaign, leaving Wolfe a factor in

\*The Military Life of Field-Marshal George, 1st Marquess Townshend. By Lt.-Col. C. V. F. Townshend, C.B. London: John Murray.

the affair, but putting Townshend up beside him. There can be little objection to the Townshend family erecting another monument on the Plains. Monuments to persons with far less claim are proposed. One may, however, reasonably protest against a change in the simple and telling inscription on Wolfe's monument from "Here Wolfe Died Victorious" to "Here Wolfe Died, and Townshend Lived, Victorious."

The biographer of Townshend has discovered "after a careful search into his life that he was modest." Other investigators, without family bias, have reached a different conclusion. "He was a man of some capacity," says Kingsford, "but his talents took rather a social than a military turn . . . He was not particularly patient of authority, and his vanity was intense." Horace Walpole declares that he was of a "proud, sullen and contemptuous temper." Parkman expressly complains that Townshend after the battle, "returned home to parade his laurels and claim more than his share of the victory." In the face of these, and other, hostile criticisms the task of painting a new Townshend and a new Wolfe is not easy, however admirable the filial loyalty which prompts it.

Wolfe, on the other hand, was a man of singularly engaging character. His military career had brought out the qualities of dash, brilliancy and capacity for leadership which recommended him to Pitt. He was selected for his merits alone. If the claims of family or influence had weighed the choice would have fallen upon others. When the Duke of Newcastle complained to George II that Wolfe was mad, the King replied: "Mad is he? Then I hope he will bite some others of my generals." The troops were keen for the fight, and when they disembarked at the Isle of Orleans in June, 1759, fully warranted Wolfe's boast, that "If valour can make amends for the want of numbers, we shall probably succeed." It is not necessary here to go over the details of the campaign, or to try and tell once again in feebler language the

story of the battle, which has been so brilliantly described by competent historians.

The bias of Townshend is inherited by his descendant. As a military writer the biographer possesses a certain advantage over civilians, and the criticisms of Wolfe's movements and operations as exposed in the unsuccessful attack upon the French army, which was entrenched upon the high banks of the St. Lawrence at Montmorency, may be perfectly sound. The same may be said of the tactics which divided the English forces into practically three parts—one on the Isle of Orleans, another at Point Lévis, and a third up the river. It would be tedious to discuss these points, supposing them to be defensible from Wolfe's knowledge of the enemy's force, its inability to attack the trained battalions of the British, and the avowed policy of the French general to play a waiting game by forcing Wolfe either to attack an impregnable position or retire from Quebec before winter set in.

The assault upon the Montmorency heights was repulsed, owing chiefly to a sudden storm and the precipitate advance of the Grenadiers appointed to lead the charge. Evidences of Townshend's disapproval appear in his papers. Wolfe fell ill with fever. Townshend, writing to his wife, says: "Genl. Wolfe's health is but very bad. His Generalship in my poor opinion—is not a bit better." In his diary he had already recorded a complaint that Wolfe seemed to direct his attention to attacks below Quebec, neglecting the points above the fortress. But Wolfe had reconnoitred this position, and there is little ground for supposing that the project was new to him when the brigadiers propounded it, in answer to his request for their views on September 12th. The project had previously appeared too hazardous to him, and only when his three brigadiers Monckton, Townshend and Murray, unanimously recommended it, was it accepted and that promptly. There is nothing in the records to warrant the idea entertained by the historian War-

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burton, that the plan to scale the heights and force Montcalm to give battle on level ground was a sort of brilliant discovery of General Townshend, who alone propounded this daring scheme, urged it upon Wolfe, was foremost in carrying it out, and who when Wolfe fell and Monckton was wounded, took command of the army, and thus really captured Quebec.

The plan once resolved upon, Wolfe arranged for all the details and they were carried out under his orders. The troops had been silently taken above the city; at the appointed hour they were to drop down the river in small boats, effect a landing and form in order on the Plains. That every arrangement worked so perfectly that Montcalm found an army drawn up to receive him, when he expected only a division, was due, in a measure, to the fortunes of war. Parkman has a fine paragraph upon the chances on which this splendid and daring adventure hung. Deserters had told Wolfe that provision boats were expected down the river by the French sentries on the night of the attack. These boats had really been countermanded. But the sentries did not know this. The force stationed by Montcalm on the heights had, against his orders and without his knowledge, been allowed to disperse. Such guard as remained was careless and failed to keep close watch. The French stationed far above Quebec at Cap Rouge saw the English vessels drop down the stream. But the boats had been doing this for several nights in succession—drifting down and then up the river with the ebb and flow of the tide. So the weary watchers at Cap Rouge thought nothing of the *manceuvre*.

Wolfe scrambled up the heights with his men. Even when the red-coats were drawn up in fighting array, the danger was still imminent. Wolfe kept always along the front line, en-

couraging, and animating his men, the life of the enterprise. One incident sheds light upon the love which the army felt for him. A captain was shot during the galling fire kept up by the French before the battle began. Wolfe was instantly by his side, praised his services, promised him promotion. He sent a message to Monckton at once, begging him to remember this if he (Wolfe) fell. That promise was faithfully kept.

When the French had begun to retreat, with Wolfe dead and Monckton wounded, the command devolved upon Townshend. It was a critical moment. There is every evidence that Townshend discharged his duties with ability, courage and promptness. Here, if anywhere, he showed himself to advantage, and the praise of his biographer for his conduct at this juncture seems fair and well-earned. "Townshend at once showed himself a cool, prompt and energetic leader, the three best qualities a general can possess." The measures he took were successful, and his share in preserving the advantage which Wolfe had gained entitle his memory to ungrudging admiration. To Townshend, therefore, fell the duty of announcing the glorious news to Pitt. His despatch, unfortunately, contains no generous word of Wolfe, nothing beyond the bare recital of facts. Townshend explains and defends his own line of action after succeeding to the command, and pays a tribute to the fleet. Concerning Wolfe's services he says no word. This was subsequently repaired in a private letter to a friend, but the impression must remain that he failed in generosity at the critical moment. When the official news reached England, and the people went mad with joy, it was left to others to tell of the part which the gallant Wolfe had played, and how signally he accomplished the task Pitt sent him out to do.

## CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD

by John A. Ewan

ORDINARILY disturbances in South or Central America, whether of a domestic or interstate character, have attracted but little attention outside the immediate scene of the difficulty. The hostile position into which the relations between Venezuela and Colombia have recently drifted, chiefly owing to civil disorder in the latter country, are not regarded with the same indifference. The United States have evinced a most active interest in the troubles, and France also has not been slow to assert her more than platonic concern in the threatened conflict.

The interest of these two great Powers in the misunderstandings of two States which are not usually considered of much consequence in the world is easily discerned. The Panama canal route lies across Colombian territory and both France and the United States would like to figure as the good kind friend of the Colombians with any concessions or privileges that might be allowed on that account.

Those who have studied the Isthmian canal problem in the United States have slowly and perhaps unwillingly come round to the opinion that the Panama route possesses many advantages over the Nicaraguan or any rival route. For a time they have tried to dispose of the facts by ignoring them, but this attitude is being abandoned. Unfortunately France, or at least the French Company, stands in the way at Panama. It is probable that the latter would be quite willing to dispose of its franchises and the work that has been done for a good round figure, but this figure the American promoters or even the Government, should it undertake the work directly, would be unwilling to pay. It is highly improbable that the Frenchmen have any real hopes of ever completing the

canal. So much French money has already been sunk in it, so flagrant was the corruption connected with its promotion, that the project has rather an ancient and fish-like smell to French nostrils. While not prepared to go on they are equally unprepared to let others inherit without remuneration the work that has already been done there, together with the credit and prestige and perhaps the profit of ultimately completing it.

It has been suggested that Colombia should notify the holders of the privileges to proceed with the work on the canal or prepare to forego their concessions and stand out of the way of those who would set energetically to work to finish the vast project. France would take such a notification in ill part and would certainly refuse to accept it unless there was a prospect that the little South American republic had the backing of a much greater republic. It is significant therefore that on the first indications of trouble a French man-of-war immediately appeared at Colon and that an American vessel in those seas received instructions to at once proceed to the same point.

The two interested Powers are fortunately old and firm friends and everything is therefore favourable to a calm consideration of the position. Were it an English company that stood in the way the tail-twisters would have been at work long ere this. It is possible, however, that Mr. McKinley may see a "manifest destiny" for his country in the ample field of South America. It is a prize calculated to stir jingoism to its depths. No great stretch of meanings would be required to turn the Monroe doctrine into a much more spectacular and aggressive creed. He is a very dull observer who

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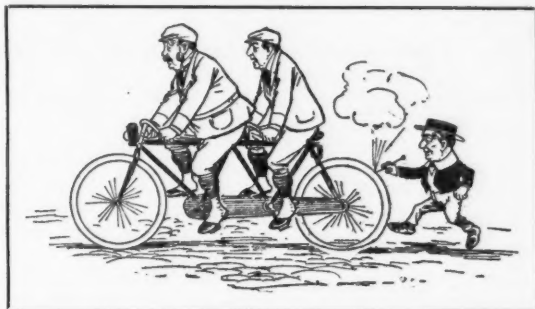
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cannot see that a great change seems impending in the United States. It is curious to read the glee with which in some quarters it is announced that the judgment of the Supreme Court in the case of Porto Rico clears up all difficulties. The United States, they say, is entitled to hold possessions without actually including them within the privileged territory of the United States.

The significance of this political discovery, when we consider the relation which the United States have assumed towards South American and Central American countries, will be readily appreciated. If it is deemed necessary to hold a portion of Colombian or Nicaraguan territory in connection with the canal, why, the new powers discovered in the Constitution will permit that to be done. Once possessed of a portion, how easy it will be to convince people that additions are necessary. The Colombians adjacent to the canal territory will occasionally show a disregard for keeping the peace, and it will be deemed necessary in the interest of internal quiet to extend United States jurisdiction over a greater area. That process once having been commenced, where will it stop? It will be the beginning of the unavoidable revolution which Mr. Benjamin Kidd, in his "Control of the Tropics," prophesies as a certain occurrence in the near future. It will be remembered that Mr. Kidd argues in his convincing way that the coloured or half-caste races do not possess the organizing and governing genius needed to develop the fertile lands which have fallen to their lot in the West Indies, and Central and South America, and any one who has observed the mixed races of the West Indies will agree that at present they are wholly unfitted for self-government. What education and responsibility

## PUNCTURED!

Lord Rosebery, in his remarkable letter to the members of the City Liberal Club, completely dispels the illusion of Liberal unity which it was supposed was created by the party meeting of last week.—*Daily Paper*.



CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN AND ASQUITH (on the Liberal Unity tandem):—"Great Scott! That wicked Rosebery youth has punctured our tyre—and just as we were spinning along so splendidly, too!"—*London Express*.

might do, one is not definitely prepared to say, but it can at least be seen that their operation would be a slow process. All the facts in our possession, moreover, do not encourage us to believe that either influence would be of much effect. Can it be honestly said that the equatorial states of South America show signs of improvement? Hayti, which is a purely negro state, is said to be going back to barbarism. It may smack of white arrogance, but the facts do seem to point to Mr. Kidd's conclusion that these states, whose inhabitants are mainly of mixed coloured races require white direction in their governmental, social and commercial affairs.

If this be true, who is to give them this direction? The United States has already assumed a heavy paternal attitude towards them. They have assured them that they will not permit the hand of the spoiler to be laid on them, and as an earnest of their words President Cleveland sailed up to the very red edge of war in his Venezuela message. There are not wanting indications that the protected Powers have an inclination to chafe under this gratuitous fatherhood. The singular thing about it is that they have never asked for the appointment of a guardian,

although Venezuela accepted the relationship eagerly enough when its weight was thrown on her side in the boundary dispute. She has since, when it served her whim, seen fit to resent it, or, at least, to look at it critically. It is the sort of relationship of the superintendent of the charity home to his wards, quite philanthropic but also firm and ruthless, and accompanied by no effusive illusions on the side from which the guardian naturally looks for gratitude and even affection.

Will this develop into a still closer connection? No one can read popular United States prints these days without seeing how deeply the people are bitten with the Imperial idea. Is it a permanent passion or a passing emotion? The classes opposed to it are undoubtedly the steadfast, influential classes of the community, in the real sense of the word influential, although it would appear that they are at present in the minority. Which section will prevail in the long run? If our neighbours take up a territorial position in Central or South America in

connection with their canal interests, the expansionists will have established another outpost of their idea. It will be so easy later on to discover that owing to the incapacity of the neighbouring Governments and the turmoil consequent thereon, it has been found necessary to assume full control.

When this stage of the drama is reached how will the other great Powers feel about it? They are religiously keeping off the grass at present, but that is on the understanding that everybody is to keep off. They will scarcely agree that the United States alone is exempt from the rule which they themselves have established. France already has a colony in South America; Germany would like to have. In this Venezuela-Colombian trouble the French are watching their fellow-republicans somewhat suspiciously. The Chauvinist Parisian papers are saying unpleasant things. Our friends across the border can scarcely expect to increase their lead to the south therefore without encountering opposition, and that is doubtless why the expansionists are urging vast additions to the navy. It is to be feared that whatever else democracy may lead us in, it will not lead us into the ways of peace. The sentiment in these northern regions is doubtless comprised in the hope that the imperial hunger of our good friends and neighbours will be so fully satiated to the south that they will have no inclination to turn their esurient eyes in this direction.

By the death of Crispi, Italy lost her most conspicuous public man. His death, indeed, leaves the country of Cavour, Mazzini and Garibaldi without a single political personality known to the intelligent man in the



J. BULL: "If she accepts the ring, the first thing I know she'll be accepting him."

—The St. Paul Pioneer Press.

street. In the mind of the general reader the Italian Minister seemed to move in the same sphere as Bismarck, Von Beust, Gortschakoff, Gambetta, Thiers, Gen. Prim or Castelar. No successor of equal rank has, as yet, at least, caught the public attention. Discriminating criticism will assign him a much lower rank than the bearers of some of these names, notably Bismarck and Gambetta, and compared with Cavour, even in the matter of Machiavellian statesmanship, he is, of course, a pigmy. He seems, however, to have been a student in the Cavour school and no doubt believed he was carrying out Cavour's programme. Whether he did or not is open to question. Cavour's life-passion was the unity and glory of Italy. To this end he sacrificed everything else. He worked for it occasionally with almost devilish ingenuity, but when accomplished we may well believe that he would have turned his really great and benevolent spirit to raising and ameliorating the condition of his countrymen. Crispi pursued Cavour's ambitious foreign programme when it was no longer needed. It may be questioned, for example, whether the creator of modern Italy would have committed his country to the withering cost of membership in the triple alliance. Once Italy was unified would he not have trusted to the mutual jealousies of his neighbours as a guarantee for the integrity of Italian soil? No one can answer such questions with certainty, but we may well believe that that high spirit with its mixture of caution and vast daring would have found a less thorny path for the country he created than his showy and "smart" successor was able to discover.

Sir Harry Johnston, Governor of Uganda, is not only an able adminis-

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UNCLE SAM—"B'gosh, let's all strike!"

—The New York World.

trator, but is, moreover, an adept with his pen. Sir Harry defends the protectorate over Uganda on philanthropic as well as upon political grounds. Uganda contains the head waters of the Nile, and if it were in possession of any other Power there would be nothing to prevent the diversion of the waters, and thus rob Egypt of those fructifying annual overflows which make the lower Nile habitable at all. As to the progress of the country, Sir Harry says: "Since I have been in the protectorate the railway has come to within ninety miles of the Victoria Nyanza, and the intervening strip has been covered by an excellent road. The steamship *William Mackinnon* has been put together on the lake, and accomplishes easily in two days what the earlier 'daus' often took ten days, and native canoes twenty days to accomplish. The telegraph has reached Entebbe, and is rapidly being carried on towards Lake Albert Nyanza. Reuter's telegrams are delivered daily at every telegraph station. Mails from England from a precarious 'once a month' are now distributed three times a month, and often reach the heart of Uganda in less than twenty-eight days." This, in the region for piercing which and finding Livingstone, Stanley won fame and fortune! The world does move.



# WOMAN'S

Edited by

Mrs. Willoughby Gummings

# SPHERE

**B**LUE Monday is known to numbers of people who have passed the time of their school-days. To them the first days after the holidays are often like the Blue Mondays of our childhood. Nearly

every person knows the difficulty of taking up one's usual avocation again after the holiday is over. We are rested, and have had no end of pleasure and amusement during our absence from home and familiar scenes, but still we feel strangely disinclined to begin again the daily round, and with the children we feel tempted to wish that the holidays could last forever.

Heigh-ho! Well, after all, it is best for us that we cannot carry out our wishes sometimes, for if it be true that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull lad," certainly it is equally true that all play and no work would prove equally disastrous. Yet if the holiday has been spent wisely, it should mean much fresh energy and zeal, clearer thought, and greater enthusiasm. "Work while you work, and play while you play," as the old school-song used to run, is a piece of wholesome advice which contains more wisdom than is seen with a passing glance.

"I call her a very dissipated woman," said an elderly physician to me one day, speaking of a mutual acquaintance. As he knew her

more intimately than I did, the remark was rather startling. I had never seen or heard anything of the woman in question that would prepare me for such a statement.

"You don't mean that she drinks?" I queried in shocked tones.

"Yes I do," he said indignantly. "She drinks strong unwholesome tea

to excess. And not only is she injuring her own health by so doing, but she is making her children puny anæmic creatures. You women ought to start a crusade against excessive tea-drinking."

Excessive tea-drinking is a custom that is steadily growing upon society, and this woman is by no means a singular illustration of the evil. There are those who drink strong tea three or four times a day, and who feel quite miserable if for any reason their five o'clock cup of tea has to be omitted. And as in the drawing-room so it is in the kitchen, only with a still more unfortunate difference. There too often the teapot stands on the stove for a long time, and it is stewed tea that is drunk. It is tea containing all the tannin that may be extracted from the leaves, and is therefore most injurious to the system. That this is done in ignorance of results very often is quite true.

At the risk of being considered "close" and "mean," it would be well for mistresses by precept and example to try to put an end to this evil. As to the drinking of strong green tea, as is the all but universal custom of a large number of people in country places, that I hold should be absolutely prohibited by Act of Parliament in the interests of future generations. Medicine and chemistry have shown clearly to all who wish to learn that green tea is decidedly harmful except in the very slightest quantities.

The details of every-day life at Court are of necessity little known to the world outside. Any glimpses of the daily routine of our Sov-

ereigns are always matters of interest to their subjects.

Those who have had such glimpses tell us that Queen Alexandra

has always been very methodical and regular in the arrangements for her household. She breakfasts at nine o'clock. Afterwards she sends for some of her guests to chat with her in her boudoir or to accompany her on her morning visits to her own stables, or to the aviary, or the kennels. Her Majesty is a skilful whip, and is also a graceful rider, though she has seldom been seen on horseback during the last few years. The horses and dogs all know their gentle mistress and are sure of many treats from her gracious hands. When at Sandringham, the morning visits include a peep at the dairy and the schools which she established many years ago. There the young girls of the district receive a most thorough training in domestic science and art, in addition to their ordinary education. The gardens and conservatories at Sandringham have always received much personal supervision from the Queen, so it is said, for Her Majesty dearly loves flowers; her favourites are lilies of the valley.

The Queen's dinner-hour, except on ceremonial occasions, is at half-past seven o'clock, and dinner is served with as little state as possible, by Her Majesty's express desire.

Among the women workers in many associations and societies in England none is more prominent than Mrs.

Creighton, wife of the late Bishop of London. She is a clever thinker and writer and a fluent speaker, and what she has to say is always listened to or read

with interest. Writing recently of the girls of the present day she said:—

"Men and women alike, as a rule, reach their fullest development through married life, but it does not follow from this that marriage should be the object of a woman's life, while it is only an accident in a man's life. A man is something else besides a husband, and a woman would be all the better wife if she were something else besides a wife. Hence it is a great pity to make marriage the sole object of a girl's life, though on the whole it seems to me almost a better object than the modern one of having a good time. Is it unfair to her to say that the object of most girls is to have a good time? I hope that a good many of them feel that it is unfair, and are conscious of a thread of purpose running through their lives.

"What does the modern young woman wish to make of her life? She has gained liberty, but does she remember how it was won for her? There are those still living who bore the brunt of the battle, and fought to get that higher education for women which is the real cause of the freedom of the modern girl. The young people of the present day do not realize how hard that struggle was. They did not struggle to make the lives of women freer in order that they may have a good time. Girls' lives are their own now, and they have to make something worth having out of them.

Why do they value liberty? Not because it enables them to do as they like—that would be mere license—but because it enables them to become what they might be, and they can only do that by effort, by self-discipline, by self-denial. They must lose themselves before they can find themselves."

A series of very interesting and wholly informal conferences concerning women's work have been held each

Wednesday in August, and will be continued on the first two Wednesdays in September, in the

Woman's Building at the Pan-American Exposition, under the direction of



LADY LAURIER, WIFE OF SIR WILFRID LAURIER,  
PREMIER OF CANADA

Mrs. Mary Wright Sewell, President of the International Council of Women. Addresses have been given by many prominent women concerning the benefits to be derived from International co-operation and International organization among women-workers, as exemplified in that world-wide federation of societies and organizations known as the "International Council of Women." These addresses have been followed by discussions, in which much practical information has been gained. It is probable that some national councils may be formed in South America and Mexico as a consequence of these meetings.

The visitors in Muskoka have noted with much pleasure this season the improvement that is shown in the work done by the Indian women and offered for sale to the tourists. Instead of the harsh colouring and uncouth designs which have been familiar to us as a part of "Indian work," a great change has taken place. In the porcupine quill embroidery no dyes are used, the quills being pure white, or tinged with pale grey, as is their natural condition. In the basket work the shapes and designs are much more artistic and the colouring much better. It would be interesting to find out how these women have learned this better way. Although I visited their camp near Port Carling recently with this especial object in view, I failed to gain the information I desired.

I found out, however, that many of the men and women have come up from the neighbourhood of Montreal to dispose of the work which they have made during the long winter. One of them somewhat surprised me with the information that they do basket work of many kinds, including those woven of sweet grass, but they do not embroider with porcupine quills. The Indians who live near Rama in Muskoka do the latter style of work almost exclusively. The camp was an interesting place to visit and the many white tents looked extremely picturesque in the gloaming, as they stood under the tall pine trees. Here and

there small fires were burning outside the tent, and the evening meal was being got ready. A peep into some of the tents showed neat-looking camp beds, trunks, a few chairs and other belongings that were unknown in an Indian home in the old time. I asked a pretty little Indian girl her name, and when she said "Victoria," I asked her whether she was called after the Queen, and her quick smile and emphatic answer "Oh, yes," showed me that to her the name of the late Queen meant much.

The committee in charge of the programme for the annual meeting of the National Household Economic Association of the United States, which will be held in Buffalo October 15th, 16th, 17th, have already arranged for a number of short addresses by prominent men and women, who are specialists in their various departments, all of which closely concern the home. The work of the association has spread wonderfully, and the president Mrs. Linda Hull Larned, is being urged to address women's clubs and other organizations in all parts of the United States with a view to co-operation. All women who are going over to the Pan-American Exposition in October should try to time their visit so as to be present at some of these meetings if possible.

On Monday, August 5th, the Empress Frederick of Germany died at Friedrichshof.

THE	Victoria Adelaide
EMPRESS	Mary Louisa, Princess
FREDERICK	Royal of Great Britain
	and Ireland, Queen
	Victoria's eldest child,

who was to become the Crown Princess of Prussia and the Empress Frederick of Germany, was born at Buckingham Palace on November 21st, 1840. At a very early age, says *Public Opinion*, she showed premonitory signs of the remarkable intelligence and varied accomplishments which distinguished her in later years, for at her christening, according to the testimony of Lord Melbourne, "she looked about her,

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quite conscious that the stir was all about herself," and at the age of three, according to the testimony of her father, "she speaks English and French with great fluency and choice of phrase." She was betrothed to Prince Frederick William of Prussia when in her fifteenth year. It was on May 22nd, 1857, that the Queen's Message to Parliament was taken into consideration, when an annuity of £8,000 a year and a marriage portion of £40,000 were—though not without some opposition—settled on the Princess. The Princess Royal of England is, by the ancient feudal law, the only daughter of the Sovereign for whom he is entitled "to levy an aid." The wedding took place on January 25th, 1858, in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, where so many Royal marriages have been solemnized. Here the last Stuart who sat upon the English Throne was united to George of Denmark. Here, too, George III, George IV, William IV, and Queen Victoria were married. The original idea of a wedding in Westminster Abbey was abandoned on the ground that it would cost £60,000. In 1858 crinoline was at its most extravagant moment, and a door through which the bridal procession passed had to be widened. As the Princess was led up to the altar by Prince Albert it was observed that she had thrown her veil off her face, which looked pale even next to her white dress, and that she seemed very nervous and agitated.

The newly married pair sailed from Gravesend for Berlin on February 2nd, after a parting which has been touchingly described in Queen Victoria's diary, and made their State entry into Berlin on the 8th. The Princess seems to have created a most favourable impression in Prussia.

The official position of the Princess was changed at the beginning of 1861 by the death of King Frederick William IV on January 2nd. Her father-in-law, the Prince of Prussia, who, on account of his father's illness, had been

Regent since October 7th, 1858, became King, and her husband became Crown Prince. At the Coronation ceremony, which took place in October of that year, the Princess was present, and Lord Clarendon remarks in a letter to the Queen, that "the great feature of the ceremony was the manner in which the Princess Royal did homage to the King." Her influence over her husband was known to be considerable,

and was viewed with the utmost distrust by the feudal *noblesse* and the official classes, who suspected her of importing into her adopted country the spirit of English liberalism in which she had been brought up. In the following January (1859) the Princess became the mother of the present German Emperor, and in May she paid a visit to England to keep the Queen's birthday, and a second one in November to celebrate that of the Prince of Wales.



EMPRESS FREDERICK

E. C.

# PEOPLE and AFFAIRS

**SALARIES** in all walks of life show a tendency to increase. The reason of this is tolerably clear. The

**LARGER** modern business, in **SALARIES.** which a few men do the thinking and the rest do the labouring, requires young men. Everything in business is changing quickly. The young man changes quickly with the industrial conditions, and his youth enables him to bear a prolonged strain under which an older man would break down. Youth gives pliability and endurance. After a man reaches forty-five years of age he is unfitted for the modern struggle, and thus the working period of life is being appreciably shortened. That is why salaries are increasing.

If a man is to be laid on the shelf at forty-five, it is reasonable to suppose that he will endeavour to secure a competence before he reaches that point in his life. He must save enough to secure him from poverty and beggary in his old age. He must demand a higher salary or wage than in the days when it was considered improper to discharge employees because of approaching old age. Because of this change, many large corporations are adopting life-insurance schemes for their employees. The Bank of Montreal has done this. The railway companies have done it. Many others recognize the necessity and are developing various plans to meet it. The individual recognizes it and is taking life insurance readily on such plans as enable him to pay all his premiums before he is forty-five or fifty. The "twenty-pay life" is very popular.

There is an increase in the general belief that a young man must, from the very outset of his career, commence to lay away for the future. It is now common-sense that a young man who at thirty is earning only a bare living

is weak or a fool. He must be amassing capital. It may be in the form of a bank account, paid-up life insurance policies, stock in the company with which he is connected or some other, or a profit-paying interest in some business. Salaries are increasing to give the individual this necessary margin which he may save or invest.

The young man starting out in life must recognize this point. If he can make but a bare living where he is, he must change. He must get the margin, or face an old age of poverty. Old men are not drawing salaries, and the old-age pension system has not yet been adopted in Canada. The young man must fight for a large salary. He is fighting for it; hence salaries have risen and must continue to rise.

From some standpoints we are a nation of stay-at-homes—so few of us recognize that our education is incom-

**A NATION OF** travel. A young **STAY-AT-HOMES.** man goes away from home to the university town—perhaps a hundred miles away—stays his four years, puts his sheepskin under his arm and decides that he is educated. If he lives in Toronto, he never visits Montreal or Ottawa, and has just barely heard of Halifax and Victoria. If he lives in the neighbourhood of Montreal, Toronto is as familiar to him as the Klondike—he has seen both names in the newspaper. And so one may go on and describe us all.

Canadian young men should travel more. British Columbia and Nova Scotia should mean as much to them as Ontario and Quebec or vice versa. The business of Canada is being done on national lines. The conditions in Nova Scotia and British Columbia affect the conditions in Ontario and Que-



bec. The man who would make a success of his life in one province must have a tolerably fair knowledge of the conditions in the other provinces.

There is an even greater reason. Travelling makes a broad mind. The Canadian who has not seen the whole of Canada is narrow-minded. He cannot view national development and national problems with a seeing eye. The great success of English business men during the nineteenth century was due in a considerable measure to the fact that they travelled. They knew their own country thoroughly, which was an easy matter as the distances are short; and they also knew something of the countries of the continent, where they were sent to have their minds broadened. Their minds were broadened by travel. They recognized that what suited one district might not suit another, and that what did not please one district might please another. They saw that business methods differed in different countries and different districts. They learned that local eccentricities were of little moment, but that certain broad principles formed the basis of universal trade. As they broadened themselves, they broadened the intellectual and business life of their country.

Canadians must learn the lesson. The young business man who spends his whole life in the study of business in his own town or city has far less chance of success than the man who has seen business done in a dozen cities. The narrow-mindedness, meanness and bigotry of the country town is due to its lack of knowledge of the outside world. The narrowness and picayuneness of the individual is due to his lack of knowledge of the widely differing classes of men in his own profession. Travel gives breadth of view and quickens the powers of observation. The man who has seen six cities has seen six civilizations. Having seen six civilizations he is better able to understand and estimate the one in which he has elected to spend his life.

This nation of stay-at-homes must

change its methods. It must shake off its provincialism and take on nationalism. It must estimate every movement on the basis of national rather than provincial value, and on cosmopolitan rather than rural estimates. Large views make large people, and large people make a large nation. Canada is too narrow-gauge. National administration and national railways must be followed up by national estimates, national understandings and national views. Interprovincial travel is very necessary, and this must be done by the young men—the men who are to become the leaders in professional, industrial, commercial and political development.

A young man took to a Canadian editor a short time ago, a story in manuscript. The editor said that it

was not Canadian in scene and sentiment and that he could not use it. The young man opened his eyes wide. He answered that if his story were Canadian, the people would not read it even if he found an editor willing to print it. The young man was right. The story, long or short, with a Canadian theme and a Canadian setting is not appreciated in this country—Kirby's "Chien D'Or" and Parker's "Pierre and His People" to the contrary notwithstanding.

Canadians to-day are surfeiting themselves on foreign fiction. A tale of Maryland, Kentucky or New York fills them with a glow of satisfaction. An historical romance of the time of Henry VIII or Louis XIV, written by a United States sensational scribbler, is a delight to the Canadian reading public. The sales of novels by fourth-rate Americans is greater in Canada, populations compared, than in the United States itself. Canadian publishers who job out these novels as the department store jobs out tea, talk about the growing literary tastes of the people and about the wonderful growth of the publishing trade. Last year Canadians imported from the



THE LATE ANDREW ALLAN.

United States over three million periodicals—mostly ten-cent magazines, illustrated weeklies and fashion journals. Talk of patriotism—there isn't enough patriotism in the literary tastes of Canada to keep one good novelist from starvation. Talk of patriotism—and the whole nation fattens its literary flesh on paper-covered trash and subscription books, all the work of literary hacks who never had an ideal in their lives

If any one thinks this but the plaintive bleat of a disappointed individual, let that one examine the book-stalls and see what is for sale there. Let him examine the lists published in the literary journals and publishers' advertisements and see what are the "great sellers" among books. Let him go into the houses of those who read and find out what books and periodicals are on the tables and chairs.

Let him go farther. Let him visit the libraries of the professors in our colleges, the studies of our judges, barristers, doctors and legislators and see what he will find. Let him take up the leading Canadian dailies and read their scissored short stories and their twenty-five dollar serials, see what the theme is and ask where they are secured.

After all this investigation, let him

go back and read Robert Barr's articles on Canadian Whiskey versus Canadian Books and he will say "Barr was right." And since Barr's articles were published in December, 1899, matters have not improved one whit. There is more United States fiction consumed in Canada to-day than there ever was before. Even British fiction and British books which once had some following in this country are losing ground. We prate of the Empire and of Imperialism—when the Duke of York visits Canada he will see a country which says one thing and does another.

These be black words, perhaps too black. But, let them go. Other men have said these things and lived. The writer of these lines but repeats, and does so with the assurance that no howling mob is likely to disturb his peaceful existence. People do not care enough about these things to be angry, and yet they are vital to our national development.

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The word "squeezed" has a commercial meaning. When a large operator in stocks has been outman-

œuvred and beaten by  
SQUEEZED. a larger operator, the former is said to be

squeezed. For a long time the United States of America, a country situated between Mexico and Canada, has been endeavouring to squeeze the latter. Not to go too far back in history, they tried the squeezing process on us when they withdrew from the Reciprocity Treaty some thirty-five years ago. They have tried it several times since by means of high tariffs. No doubt there was a certain fairness in their actions, judged by modern business standards, but it certainly was not the kind of fairness which appealed to the people of Canada. Canada has steadily refused to be squeezed, and the more the trade of the continent to which we belong was denied us by our neighbours, the more we sought for a place in the markets of the world.

Gradually, however, light is perme-

ating the regions of darkest America and a few journalistic voices in the United States are calling for a new policy toward the Land of the Maple. The squeezing policy is not generally approved. A number of the best newspapers in New York, Washington and Philadelphia are pleading for a new policy—reciprocity on fair terms. They point out that Canada is the third best customer which the United States possesses, and that the Canadian market is worth more than all the South American markets combined. This is a more sensible view.

Just as a suggestion, I desire to intimate that this would be an excellent time for Sir Wilfried Laurier to decide that the Joint High Commission be abandoned. There is nothing to be gained by keeping it alive. Let it die and give it a respectable funeral. Such a course of conduct on our part would do much to help along the education of the United States people concerning the amount of stability and independence possessed by the six million people of this northern land. The Maritime Provinces are not anxious for reciprocity so long as the United States Government does not put an export duty on tourists. Nor does British Columbia desire reciprocity. The merchants of Vancouver and Victoria have difficult work to hold their own with the sellers of goods in Seattle, Tacoma and San Francisco. Reciprocity would injure Vancouver and Victoria. The Northwest is getting along nicely because the United States does not put an export duty on settlers; like tourists they pay no tax when they leave the country. And the Northwest wants settlers. Ontario and Quebec are prospering without

reciprocity, and it is questionable if in the long run it would be beneficial to these Provinces.

The late Andrew Allan's father brought a vessel from Glasgow to Montreal when the latter city had no wharves. Andrew Allan

did not come to Canada on that voyage, although his brother Hugh (afterwards Sir Hugh) did. At the age of 17, however, he came over to Montreal to join his brother, and together they built up the firm of H. & A. Allan, as it was ultimately called. For nearly sixty years these men led in the navigation between Great Britain to Canada, and, during most of that time their boats, small and large, carried the mails. They saw prosperity and hard times, but were always progressive. While they amassed wealth, they assisted nobly in the development of Canadian trade, and Canada owes much to their sturdy enterprise.


Canada's population has not grown during the past decade as fast as her wealth and her trade. This may seem

unsatisfactory to the many and satisfactory to the few. It is doubtful if there is much in the census results to justify the somewhat pessimistic view taken of them. Ontario the Great has declined in population, but increased in families. This was to be expected. Our families are not so large as they once were, because many of our sons go west, and because it is not fashionable to have a large family table. The following summary indicates the general result:

#### CANADA'S PRESENT POPULATION.

The following is a comparative statement of the population by Provinces, showing increases or decreases during the past decade:—

Province.	1901.	1891.	Increase.
Ontario.....	2,167,978	2,114,321	53,657
Quebec.....	1,620,974	1,488,535	132,439
Nova Scotia.....	459,116	450,396	8,720
New Brunswick.....	331,093	321,263	9,830
Manitoba.....	246,464	152,506	93,958
British Columbia.....	190,000	98,173	91,827
Northwest Territories.....	145,000	66,799	78,201
Prince Edward Island.....	103,258	109,078	*5,820
Total.....	5,338,883	4,833,239	505,644



# BOOK REVIEWS

## THE CANADIAN ARCHIVES.

THE day is not distant when copies of the "Canadian Archives" will be as precious as some of the rare old volumes of the book collector. Already sets are scarce and hard to get. The report of the archivist prefixed to each volume is a careful piece of work enriched by Dr. Douglas Brymner's own stores of knowledge, and students of Canadian history look each year for it with pleasure. The report for 1900 appeared last month.\* The volume is chiefly taken up with the calendar of state papers for Upper and Lower Canada. These papers are now brought down to 1835, which is a date within the memory of persons now living, and there is much detailed material in them which Canadian historians will utilize when they write the history of the period more fully than fell within the scope of Dr. Kingsford's plan. Besides the state papers there are some valuable documents relating to education and emigration. Among these is correspondence between Bishop Strachan (then Archdeacon), Sir John Colborne and the Colonial Office, and also the full text of the bill of 1835, making King's College a Church of England institution with the vote in the Legislature upon it. The charter of Cobourg Seminary is likewise given. So, too, is a list of the schools and colleges in Quebec Province, showing that 60 schools were maintained by grants from the Royal Institution. This was the board of trustees administering the money of Hon. James McGill. The college was at that date in a chrysalis condition, but the money even then was doing good work. Dr. Brymner

has an interesting note upon the state of affairs about Quebec after the battle of the Plains of Abraham, which may be read with advantage in connection with General Townshend's memoirs reviewed by Mr. Colquhoun in this number of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

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## THE ACADIANS.\*

Overthrown in war, the French of North America have conquered in peace. The Acadians, like their brothers in Canada, cling to the language, literature and traditions of their ancestors. Their tenacity may not be the most practical policy in a continent dominated by a language and institutions of another race, but the sentiment is a worthy one, and does credit to their hearts. M. Joubert has reprinted the historical essay he wrote a few months ago for *La Revue Britannique*, and it forms a useful compendium of information regarding the varying fortunes of these early French colonists now to be found in Quebec, in our Maritime Provinces and in the State of Louisiana. Of course, M. Joubert writes from the standpoint of admirer and friend. He quotes from the leading authorities, but always to the advantage of the Acadians. We need hardly quarrel with him on this account, seeing that the purpose of his essay is to praise and not to inquire critically into disputed points. He is especially severe on the expulsion of 1755:

"Ce dur exode, que les Anglais, par un doux (!) euphémisme, appellent *the removal of the Acadians*, a conservé dans les annales de l'histoire d'Amérique le nom du *Grand Dérangement* et fait penser au *Grand Trek* des

\* Report on Canadian Archives. By Douglas Brymner LL.D., F.R.S.C. Ottawa: S. E. Dawson. Price 25c.

\* L'Ancienne Acadie: Les Acadiens de la Louisiane. Par le Chevalier Joseph Joubert. Paris: Bureaux de la Revue Britannique.

Boers, en 1838. Ainsi donc, à un siècle d'intervalle environ, au nord du continent Américain comme au sud de l'Afrique, une impitoyable politique condamnait à l'exil et à de cruelles souffrances des populations entières, parmi lesquelles se trouvaient, hélas! tant d'innocentes victimes."

By citing the Boers the author does not help his case much, and if the Acadians gave the same provocation to the British authorities as the South African Boers, small wonder that heroic measures were carried out. Looking back now one deplores the hard necessities of war. But the English are not the only race to engage in military conquest, and the sword of the conqueror leaves many a tragedy behind it. Despite its manifest bias the essay of M. Joubert will form a practical addition to the literature of the subject. His treatment of the Acadians in Louisiana is not the least interesting part of it.



#### GEOGRAPHY IN HISTORICAL DEVELOPMENT.

It is at least a pertinent question to ask concerning the latest historian of Canada,\* what are his claims to deal with the subject? That Mr. Lucas is an Oxford scholar, and that he is connected with the Colonial Office are not in themselves evidences of special qualification. The work under review being one of a series intended to form a complete historical geography of the British Colonies, it may not be unreasonable to contend that the author should possess a marked insight into the conditions which he proposes to discuss as the basis of his whole thesis. To write upon geography as elucidating history one must surely indicate some more authoritative quality than an intimate knowledge of the maps. There may seem to be something ungracious in saying this about a book which from the literary standpoint is really a creditable performance. Mr. Lucas, it is true, writes with point and fluency. His book is easily read, and as far as a

critic can tell—without turning up authorities—it is accurate in detail and founded upon familiarity with the best sources of information. But it bears too close a resemblance to a one-volume history of Canada down to the year 1759 to be hailed as a work of special value. One-volume summaries of Canadian history are plentiful. Some are good, some bad, most of them indifferent. Its literary quality apart, we find it hard to ascribe to this one any remarkable merit. Its "general summary" of the influence of geography in determining the respective fates of the French and English colonies in North America is plausible, but not profound. Mr. Lucas lays most stress upon the system of government as the chief cause of the ultimate downfall of New France. From this we might conclude that geography played but a small part in the business, were it not that the author dwells upon the closing of the St. Lawrence to ocean vessels for several months in the year (he has evidently heard unfavourable reports of the Canadian climate), as another factor in the result. But this argument can hardly be sound since Acadia, with open ports in winter, fell first into the hands of the English. From this the author might, according to his own line of argument, have proved that the closing of the St. Lawrence in winter retained Canada longer under the French Crown than would otherwise have been the case. We do not undertake, in a paragraph, to expound with any thoroughness the exact relation between geography and history in tracing the development of the European colonies in North America. But then we have not written (and published) a treatise on the subject, and are not bound to disclose the depths of our knowledge. It is difficult, in short, to see why Mr. Lucas called his work historical geography, unless he was asked to undertake a labour for which he has manifest qualifications—an agreeable précis of well-known historical facts—and good naturedly permitted it to be called by another name. In the century that has

\*History of Canada. Part I. (New France). By C. P. Lucas, C.B. Oxford: Clarendon Press.



passed since the English colonies were allowed to break away from the parent state, England has acquired much valuable wisdom in the treatment of distant possessions. But we fear that a similar advance has not been made in the preparation of text-books relating to the colonies. The maps accompanying the volume should have indicated more clearly the line dividing the French from the English sphere of influence and exploration. In failing to do this they miss, it appears to us, the essential feature of the case.



#### PROBING INTO MYSTERIES.

The gentle reader who is weary of historical romances, who turns away with a yawn—alas!—from love stories, who can no longer be beguiled with the problem novel, should read "*Etidorhpa, or the End of the Earth*," by Mr. Lloyd.\* It is called a scientific romance. It certainly is scientific in the sense that a great deal of what we call science nowadays is scattered through its pages. But the main interest, we imagine, to the average reader will be found to consist in the narrative of a strange being, who has returned from "the undiscovered country," which Hamlet speaks of. In fact, all who wish to peer into the future, and believe with Horatio that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy, will be instructed by the remarkable story of "I-am-the-Man." Briefly, for betraying the secrets of a brotherhood of alchemists to which he belongs he is conveyed by strange guides into the bowels of the earth, is made to investigate the most extraordinary physical and moral conditions and himself undergoes a complete metamorphosis. He returns to earth to unburden himself, like the Ancient Mariner and buttonholes the impatient teller of the story, actually reading it to him in manuscript. This gives rise to many disputes, seeing that the tale of his ex-

periences involves contradiction of some of the laws of nature as presently interpreted by men of science and accepted as established truths. This weird book has a somewhat curious history. It has been through eleven editions, most of them published at \$3 and \$4. This was probably due to the idea that it would appeal only to the limited circle of the *literati*. Its qualities as a romance for popular reading have resulted in the present cheap edition, and while we would be extremely averse to intervening between Mr. Lloyd and his scientific critics, it must be confessed that he gives them some nuts to crack, and to the general public a singular and entrancing tale.



#### AN ENGLISH TEXT BOOK.

A school History of England, the work of "several teachers of experience," has lately appeared.\* It is worth the study of those who know something about the preparation of text books as that business is done in this country. The art of condensing into graphic comprehensive paragraphs nearly 2,000 years of history, and presenting an intelligent, and in places even a brilliant, survey of it in 350 printed pages is no slight achievement. Perhaps it is not possible to have such a work perfect, and here and there one notices the influence of the gorgeous generalizations of Macaulay and other Whig historians, and occasionally strict accuracy is sacrificed to rhetorical phraseology. For instance, "through the summer Wolfe watched from the river, where the English fleet lay, the town perched on its steep heights," and, "the elder Pitt was a hero-statesman; the younger, the greatest of party leaders." To declare that Lord Durham "saved Canada for England" is rather a strong phrase, to say the least, since the vast majority of Canadians in 1837 were perfectly loyal to British connection. There is a rather more impartial summary of the

\* *Etidorhpa, or the End of the Earth*. By John Uri Lloyd. Toronto: W. J. Gage & Co.

\* *A School History of England*. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

war with the North American colonies than is usual in English histories.



#### GOVERNMENT PUBLICATIONS.

The British Columbia Government has issued a year book containing the record of the Province from 1897 to 1901. It contains in 200 pages the most valuable of the information contained in the larger volume issued in 1897. The illustrations and map are exceedingly valuable. The work has been performed by R. E. Gosnell, whose name is a guarantee that the information is unbiased and reliable.

The Ontario Department of Agriculture has issued a new edition of "The Birds of Ontario," by C. W. Nash. The first edition was eagerly sought after, and the demand amply justifies a second and revised edition.

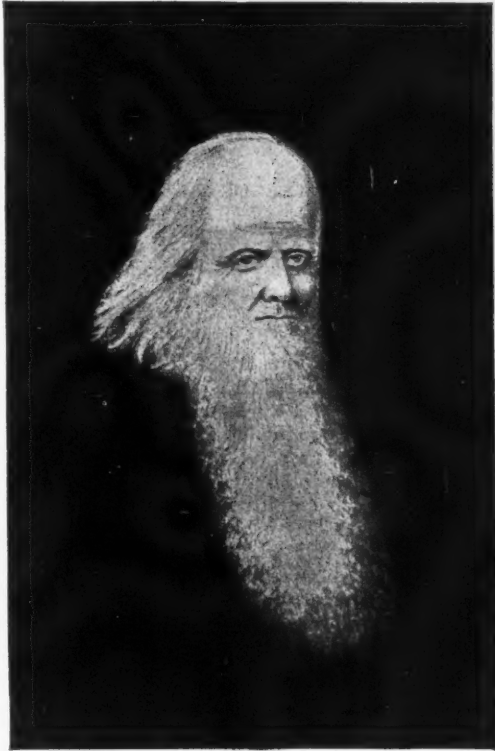
To the journalist and student of affairs, no Government blue-book is so valuable as "The Statistical Year Book," edited by George Johnson, and issued by the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa.

The year book for 1900, just issued, brings everything up to date—the history of Canada, the physical features, the constitution, the lists of Governors and Lieutenant-Governors, the Privy Council, the cabinets, treaties, land regulations, agricultural statistics, trade returns, mineral production, railways and canals, post-office, finance, insurance, education and criminal statistics. It is an invaluable compendium, containing, in compact form, all the information concerning Canada which the ordinary citizen could require. This year's volume contains a valuable folding map.



#### DR. DRUMMOND'S VOLUME.

Dr. Drummond, author of "The Habitant," that famous collection of



I AM THE MAN

Frontispiece of Etidorhpa. By John Uri Lloyd—(Gage.)

French-Canadian verse, has a new volume in Putnam's hands. It will be entitled "Johnnie Corneau" and will be illustrated by Coburn. None of the poems in "The Habitant" will be duplicated in the new volume which will be even bulkier than the first. There are, no doubt, people who will condemn this dialect verse as they have condemned it before; but in spite of the critics, it will be eagerly sought after by those who love the musical and the picturesque. "The Habitant" was undoubtedly the most popular volume of verse ever issued in Canada, and its popularity is threatened only by "Johnnie Corneau." And after all popularity is one of the greatest tests.



# IDLE MOMENTS



## AN ALLEGORY.

THE Lover of Beauty passed by where the Rose grew. He bent above the tree and plucked from its branches the rarest and best of its blossoms—a beautiful, pure, White Rose.

The Lover of Beauty delighted in his flower, caressed its petals, and wore it where the world might see it and know it to be his. Into the heart of a great city he bore it, into a room that was his studio; and placing it where his gaze might most easily rest upon it he drank again of its loveliness.

The Lover of Beauty took palette and brush and reproduced the Rose; tint for tint, petal for petal, curve for curve; till the rose on canvas looked as pluckable as the real flower had done when he gathered it to himself.

But for want of care the gathered Rose drooped its head and wilted. The Lover of Beauty beholding this, exclaimed:

“The thing is faded, its beauty has departed. I have used it as I desired, I no longer want it, why should I keep it? I will cast it away.”

Opening a window he threw far out into the street below the Rose once pure, once beautiful, once his. And it fell where was sin and the dirt. The Lover of Beauty found another Rose with crimson tints and a deeper fragrance.

The Man passed by where the White Rose fell. And he who loved flowers not alone for their beauty, but because God had made them flowers, saw a Rose crushed to earth, bruised and broken.

Stooping down, the Man lifted from the mud the stained and battered blossom, wiped it carefully clean, and hid it away against his heart, where he

lovingly and shelteringly wore it forever and ever more.

*Jean Lyall.*

## TATTOO.

Once a mealy-bug sedate—  
On a rose bush lingered late,  
And her giddy little heart was blithe and gay  
For an impudent red spider  
Had actually eyed her  
As he jauntily had swaggered past that way.

“Will you come and do the rose,  
Till the half-past-nine gun goes?  
(Oh, this blooming bush is just too jolly slow;)

Around a leaf we'll promenade  
Across the glacies and parade,”  
Said the gallant little red-coat,  
don't you know.

Near a dew-drop there they sat—  
In the moon-light, and all that;  
And they tried to think which loved the other most;  
But the Gardener drew nigh—  
There was murder in his eye—  
And his insect-gun blew out for them  
“Last Post.”

So the bugle-call will sound,  
And the Sergeant go the round,  
And “Lights Out” will come when all the tunes are played;  
But “Reveille” at the dawn  
Will make the slumbering trenches yawn,  
When we fall in for “Inspection”  
on parade.

*H. Percy Blanchard.*

## WHAT WAS IT, THEN?

A good story is told by Sir Harry Poland in a lecture that has just been published. On one occasion the bailiff of a court over which Mr. Justice Maule was presiding had been sworn to keep the jury locked up “without meat, drink, or fire, candles only excepted.” One of the jurymen, being thirsty, asked for a glass of water, and the bailiff

\* The contributions to this Department are original unless credited to some other journal.

asked the judge if it could be allowed. "Yes," said the latter. "It certainly isn't meat, and I shouldn't call it drink."—*Belfast News*.

"Then," said the stout man as he rose and paid his check, "that only bears me out. It only shows what harm can be done to humanity by a fool diet."—*Life*.

#### PROVING HIS CASE.

"Are you aware, sir, what you are doing?"

The stout, florid-faced man in the restaurant, who was about to help himself to a generous portion of mince pie, looked up in astonishment at the nervous, thin, little individual opposite.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I have been watching you," said the nervous man, "eating your dinner, and impelled as I am by a love of humanity, I cannot see you leave this table without a protest at the diet which you are killing yourself with. First, you had fish chowder. No protein but slight hydrocarbonates. Then you had corned beef and cabbage, containing fully eighty per cent. of deleterious matter. Then you had pie, with a mountain of sugar. Are you aware, sir, that this can only be digested by the duodenum? Think of it! You'll be a wreck in a few years."

The stout man he addressed gazed at him compassionately for a moment.

"You don't look as if your diet was doing you much good," he said, quietly.

"That, sir," replied the thin man, "is no argument at all. You were healthy to start with, and I wasn't. You'll go to pieces in a short time, and I'll live to be an old man because I know the percentage of fruit salts the human system can stand."

"You'll live for years beyond your allotted time, will you?" said the stout man.

"Yes, sir, I will."

#### A RACE AFFAIR IN THE U.S.

"Yes," remarked the grocer, in the sleepy southern town; we did have a little excitement yesterday afternoon for a spell. We had a foot-race between Hank Spudds, our local sprinter, and a nigger champion from Pin Hook."

"Indeed?" replied the affable drummer. "I should hardly think such an affair would create much commotion."

"It wouldn't ordinarily; but, you see, it was this way: Hank heard the nigger braggin' about his speed and challenged him to a friendly little contest, to take place as soon as the parties could get ready. Well, in a few minutes, before many folks knew of it,



The Pleasures of Automobiling

—Klods-Hans, Copenhagen.



"What a fuss they make about it, Grandpa!"  
 "About what, Sally?"  
 "About Daniel going into the lions' den. I guess it must have been the first circus they ever saw."

—Life.

they was all ready to start. They was goin' to run down the road east for one mile. I gave the signal to start, and both of them jumped ahead like like scared tomcats. The nigger flew like the wind—left Hank 'way behind. The nigger had purty near finished the mile when he met some fellers leadin' a hoss. They didn't know what was goin' on, but, seein' a nigger runnin' like that, with a white man sixty rods behind him, looked suspicious, to say the least. They at once concluded the nigger was wanted. So they stopped him and took the halter off the hoss and actually strung the fellow up to a tree. Hank finally came up and informed them of their error, and, of course, bein' chivalrous men, they let the man down and he speedily recovered. But, sir, it hain't hardly judicious for a nigger to be seen runnin' very fast in these days when American chivalry is perfectin' itself against the inferior race."—*Puck's Library*.

#### A CLUB STORY.

The members of the Athenæum Club in London represent the higher spheres of literature, art and diplomacy, and particularly the Established Church, inasmuch as nearly all the bench of bishops may be found upon its list.

The United Service Club, on the other hand, is made up of officers of the army and navy. One day last summer, while the Athenæum was closed for repairs and its members were temporarily enjoying the hospitality of the other club, there came down into the hall a retired admiral, a man of portly build and violent temper.

"Where's my umbrella!" he demanded of the hall porter.

Search was made, and the umbrella was not forthcoming. The admiral began to fume. A dozen flunkies immediately swarmed into the hall.

"My umbrella!" cried the Admiral; "an umbrella with a silver knob—where is it, sir?"

The bustle continued for a few moments, and then one of the attendants timorously informed the Admiral that it could not be found.

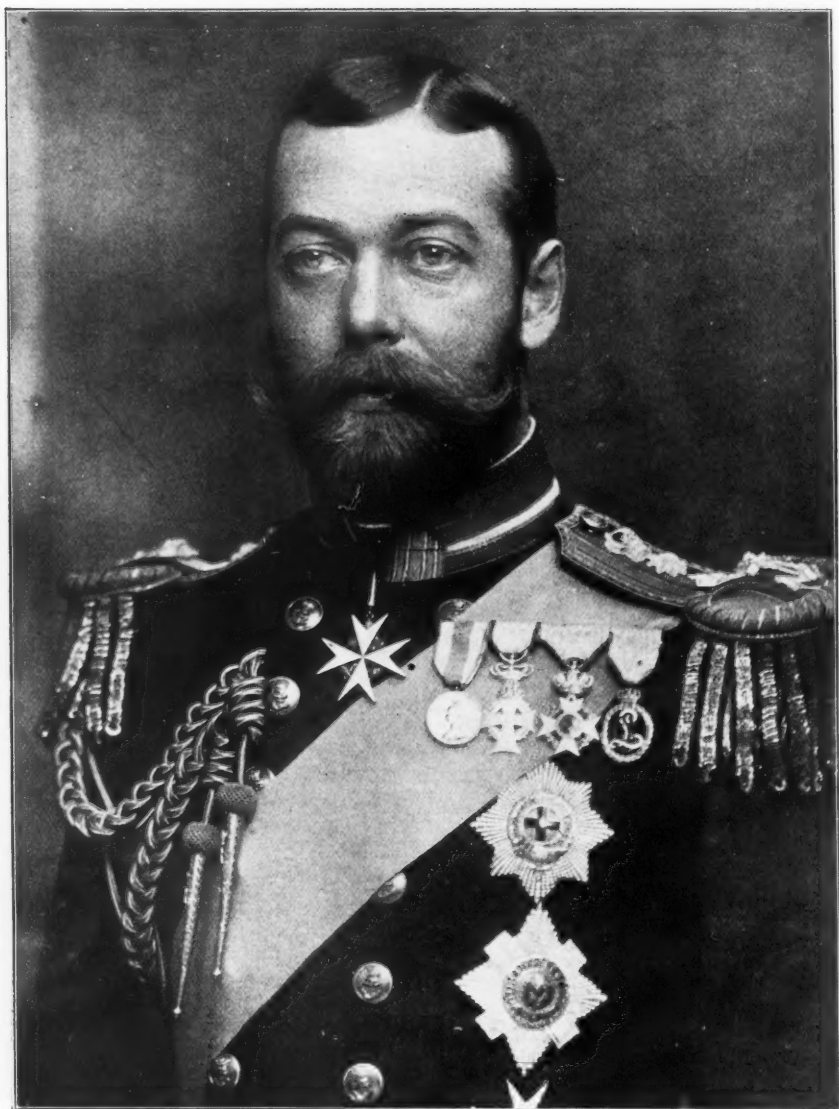
"What, sir—what, sir? Not to be found, sir? Why not, sir?"

"I am afraid, sir," replied the hall porter, "that some gentleman has taken it by mistake."

"Taken it! Taken it!" roared the Admiral, now fairly apoplectic with rage; "you mean stolen it—yes, sir, stolen it! I might have known what would happen when we let in all those d—d bishops!"—*Argonaut*.







H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK

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